

JUN 15 1888
CITY 5059 T1
Did Miss Terry sit on Dr. Perine's lap?

The National POLICE GAZETTE

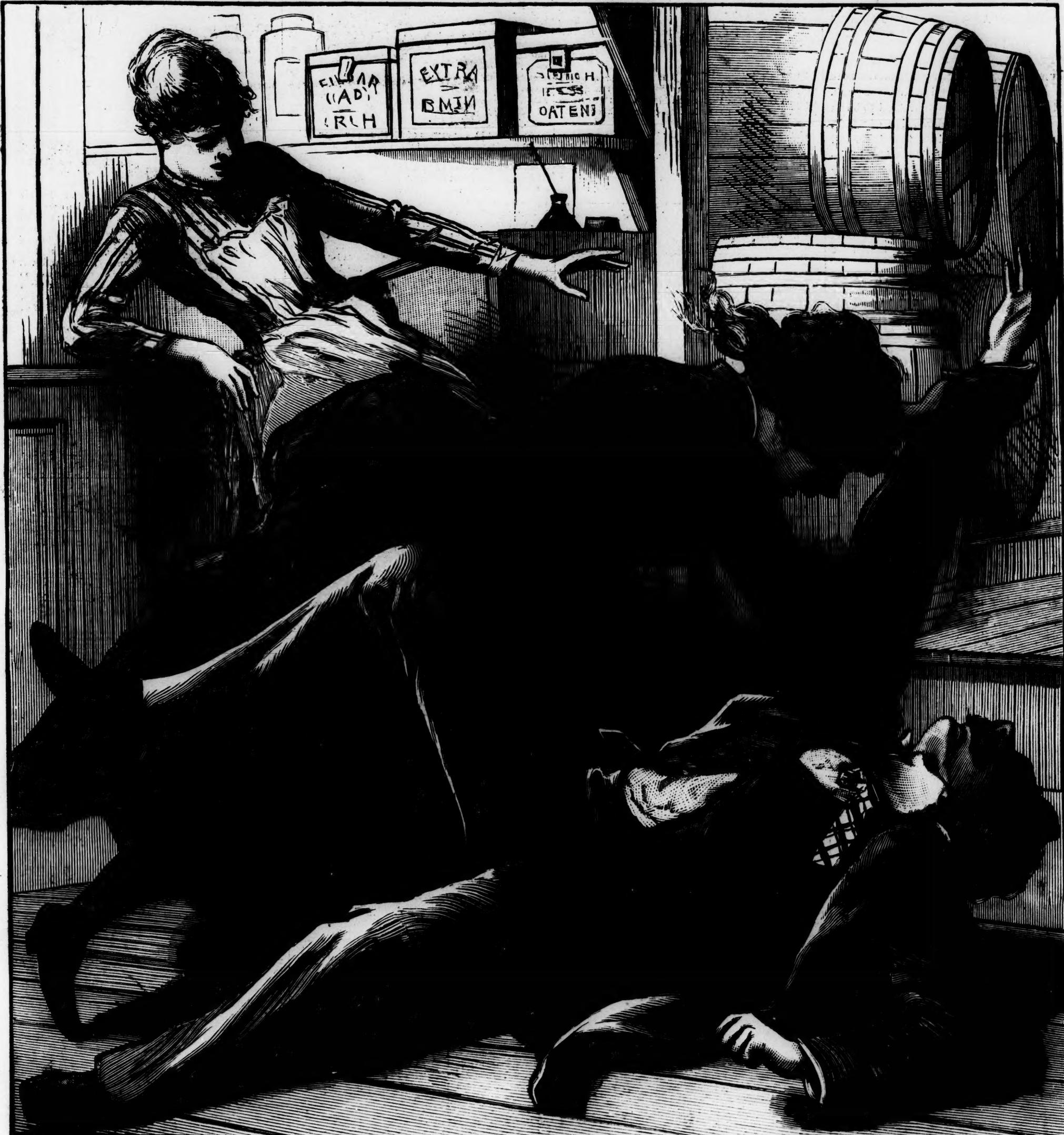
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1888.

VOLUME LII.—No. 562.
Price Ten Cents.



A WOMAN OF GRIT.

PLUCKY MRS. WALSH'S DESPERATE ENCOUNTER WITH A WOULD-BE MURDERER AT SCRANTON, PA.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1888.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Publisher.

THE "GAZETTE" AS A LITERARY AUTHORITY.

An esteemed correspondent recently wrote the GAZETTE with the request that its editor trace up the correct signification of the word "around" with reference to its adverbial sense. The GAZETTE is too modest to pretend to be an authority respecting the derivation of words, but begs to inform our friend that if he will turn to page 76 of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, he will find the following citation by that distinguished authority, which undoubtedly suggests the correct origin of the word as used in the peculiar sense which our correspondent's communication would seem to imply: "I was standing around when the fight took place." —*Police Gazette*.

The above indicates that the GAZETTE is not merely considered *par excellent* as an illustrated news and sporting journal of the day, but that it has some weight and influence in the world of letters, which suffices to entitle it to recognition as an authority in matters relating to the correct source and proper use of words.

RIGHT YOU ARE.

According to the passage which we publish below, from the London *Town Talk*, that great metropolis affords a fine field for the operations of the notorious White Cap organizations which have been terrorizing evil-doers in Indiana for some time past. Our bright little English contemporary conveys a compliment to the GAZETTE in the paragraph in question which we do not fail to appreciate, since it proves the high estimation in which the latter publication is held by the best class of English journals. Praise coming from such a source fills us with renewed courage in our persistent and most arduous efforts to make the GAZETTE unapproachable as an illustrated periodical of the day. This is what the *Town Talk* says:

In Crawford County, Indiana, there flourishes a vigilant committee for the promotion of virtue and condemnation of vice. The members mask their faces and wear tall white caps when making a raid upon offenders, and an illustration in Mr. Richard K. Fox's excellent paper, the New York POLICE GAZETTE, extensively sold in London, shows how they punish young women of loose moral character. If a similar committee were to carry out a programme of this sort in London, we should not have so many miserable creatures promenading our leading thoroughfares in pursuit of a hideous calling.

HEED THE LESSON.

There is said to be a great deal of grumbling throughout Dakota in consequence of the failure of the local option law in that State. The law confines the sale of intoxicating liquors to the drug stores, which, of course, are allowed to dispense it the same as they would drugs—that is, only when called for by a physician's prescription. But it is claimed that drunkenness prevails in all the large cities of Dakota to as great an extent now as it did before this statute, which so highly pleased the prohibitionists, went into effect. In other words, the druggists are becoming saloon-keepers, or if not, there are a great many sick people just at present in Dakota, who require intoxicants for their ailments. From this it would seem that the local option law there is proving a mighty good thing for the doctors, if it does not materially lessen the consumption of spirituous beverages.

The failure of a law which was calculated to totally abolish the sale of liquor in Dakota, except for medicinal purposes, shows the folly of enacting radical measures of any character whatever, especially when their object is to curtail the liberties of the masses. Dakota is learning a lesson, which should be heeded by other sections of the country likely to suffer from the unreasonable course of that class of cranks who style themselves prohibitionists.

ONE DOLLAR sent to this office will pay for a three months' trial subscription to the "Police Gazette." Agents wanted wherever there is no regular newsdealer. Catalogue of our Illustrated Books mailed free on application.

MASKS AND FACES

Black Silk Tights--The Dancing Lesson.

CORA TINNIE'S FIST.

The Autograph Album of Lee Harrison--The Actors' Fund Anniversary.

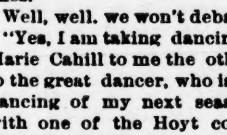
GOSSIP OF THE STAGE.

"Have you any black silk tights?"
"No, madam, but we have other colors."
"I must have black. My husband died recently and I am wearing mourning."



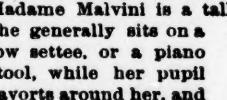
This conversation may throw some light on the mania which burlesquers and dancers have nowadays for black underwear.

Dark, dark, dark, everything dark amid the blaze of proscenium lights. Vernon Jarreau recently stated it as her opinion that black tights and black skirts are more modest and more artistic than your pink or white ones.



Well, well, we won't debate the matter.

"Yes, I am taking dancing lessons of Malvini," said Marie Cahill to me the other day. "I go twice a week to the great dancer, who is now coaching me for the dancing of my next season's work. I am to appear with one of the Hoyt companies, you know. Well, Madame Malvini is a tall, blonde, graceful woman. She generally sits on a low settee, or a piano stool, while her pupil cavers around her, and in her hand she holds a pointer such as teachers use to show us places on a map or sums on a blackboard. Madame directs with that pointer. When I take my lesson of Madame I wear black silk stockings, short skirts, a loose jersey, little black slippers without heels. We have to go through about five fundamental positions and I don't know how many others. There is heels together and toes out, and heels together and knees bent and leg set rapidly up and down like a pendulum—but I bore you, don't I? A lesson generally lasts an hour. It all seems so easy to you fellows who look at us through your opera glasses from the front, but it takes time, practice and sole leather, I tell you to get there."



Some weeks ago Cora Tinnie, the plump, pert and pretty, was asked to scrawl her scrawl in an autograph album.

She turned the pages and found on one the handwriting of John L. Sullivan.

The ex-champion occupied almost the entire page with his big fist.

Nothing daunted, the burlesquer took the pen and wrote away above the pugilist's lines at the very top of the page:

"You can't come it over me here, John L. Sullivan, and don't you forget it!"

You've seen Lee Harrison do *Grimes* in "A Bunch of Keys," haven't you?



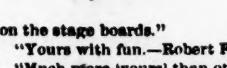
Well, you wouldn't believe it, but Lee Harrison has a mighty interesting autograph album.

I was looking over it the other day.

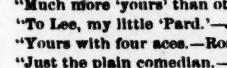
Here are some extracts:

"Yours in black—G. H. Primrose."

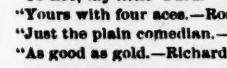
"Henry E. Dixey, actor



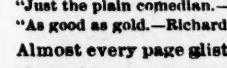
on the stage boards."



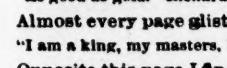
"Yours with fun.—Robert Fraser."



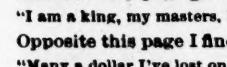
"Much more 'yours' than others.—Harry Phillips."



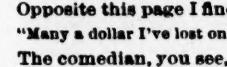
"To Lee, my little 'Pard.'—John J. Ruddy."



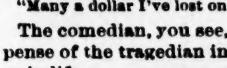
"Yours with four aces.—Rose Beaudet."



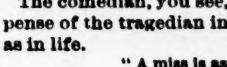
"Just the plain comedian.—Charley Reed."



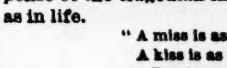
"As good as gold.—Richard Golden."



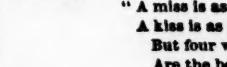
Almost every page glistens with a gem.



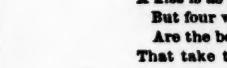
"I am a king, my masters, know you that?—W. E. Sheridan."



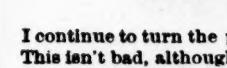
Opposite this page I find written:



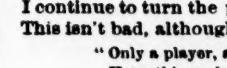
"Many a dollar I've lost on three 'kings.'—Jas. A. Carroll."



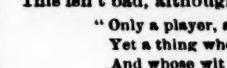
The comedian, you see, will have his laugh at the expense of the tragedian in an autograph album as well as in life.



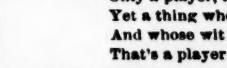
"A kiss is as good as a smile;



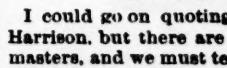
A kiss is as good as a smile;



But four wicked kings

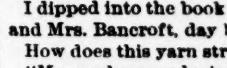
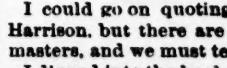
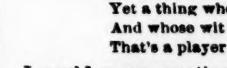
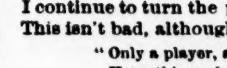


Are the beautiful things

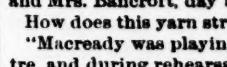


That take the other man's pile."

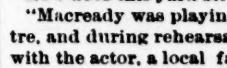
—Harry Rattenberry.



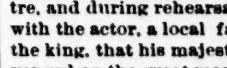
I continue to turn the pages.



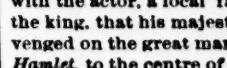
This isn't bad, although it's cribbed:



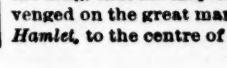
"Only a player, a poor tinsel thing,



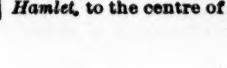
Yet a thing whose grace kings envy,



And whose wit wise men steal—



That's a player!" —Mollie Fuller.



I could go on quoting from the album of Mr. Lee Harrison, but there are other matters before us, my masters, and we must tend to them.



I dipped into the book "On and Off the Stage," by Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, day before yesterday.



How does this yarn strike you?



"Macready was playing 'Hamlet' in a country theatre, and during rehearsals had so severely found fault with the actor, a local favorite, who took the part of the king, that his majesty determined at night to be revenged on the great man by reeling, when stabbed by *Hamlet*, to the centre of the stage (instead of remain-

ing at the back), and falling dead upon the very spot Macready had reserved for his own final acting before he expired in *Horatio's* arms. Macready groaned and grunted: 'Die further up the stage, sir.' 'What are you doing down here, sir?' 'Get up and die elsewhere, sir,' when, to the amazement of the audience, the king sat bolt upright upon the stage and said: 'Look here, Mr. Macready, you had your way at rehearsal; but I'm king now, and I shall die where I please.'"

Dion Boucicault, I want to add, takes a gloomy view of our stage. He doesn't like combination houses and "monkeys" and "nigger minstrels."

He has a profound contempt for the variety people. One thing is certain, Dion, and that is this.

When you die you'll not have as much sympathy expressed for you as was given last week to Bobby Newcomb and Ben Ma-

ginley.

Both these men began humbly in circus and variety hall, and, respected and loved, held their own till the end.

Harry Miner makes a suggestion that ought to be followed by the women of the profession all over the Union.

He advises actresses receiving flowers to send them to the sick in hospitals.

That was a great meeting at the Madison Square Theatre last week.

Those were memorable exercises to celebrate the seventh anniversary of the Actors' Fund Association.

President A. M. Palmer delivered a long and interesting address on the past work and duties of the society. The expenses for the six years were \$96,853.53, an average of \$15,975.58 per year.

Year were \$146,301.19, an average of \$24,388.53 per year. The number of persons relieved was 1,500 and the number buried 332. Relief was furnished last year to 276 persons, and burial for 48, at a total expense of \$15,000. The association had enjoyed the free services of 15 physicians, who made 1,243 visits in this city and Brooklyn during the past year. Mr. Palmer spoke with praise of the work of Louis Aldrich, H. C. Miner, and William Henderson in re-establishing a dramatic bureau under the direct control of the association, and asked for it the patronage of the profession. He also laid special emphasis on the interest shown by women in the association's work, notably by the benefits at Manchester under Mrs. Booth, and at the Fifth Avenue Theatre and at Albany by Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. Rose Leland. There was a balance in the treasury a year ago of \$17,207.15, and receipts since then of \$25,312.73. Expenses for the year were \$25,680.98, leaving cash on hand of \$16,944.90, besides \$27,000 in Government bonds, worth a premium of \$7,188.75. The total on hand is thus \$51,133.65. There were no important donations or legacies during the year.

Mr. Palmer made a thrust at some of those managers out West who refuse to give benefits, but who are always loud in their demands for favors and loud in their calls for help. The future of the society, said Mr. Palmer, is bright. The plans for an actors' house are moving along well. The good work must be kept up. When Mr. Palmer introduced Col. Ingersoll as the orator of the occasion there was loud and continued applause.

The Colonel, dressed in clerical black, chubby and comfortable, was right when he said that he had never stood face to face with an audience that had more varied genius and talent in it than his audience that afternoon.

It was a representative gathering. On the stage sat William J. Florence, Harry Miner, Col. Sinn, Ed Gilmore, Harry Watkins, Frank Murtha, Tony Pastor, Dr. Robertson.

Old Ben Baker fidgeted around here, there and everywhere.

Harrison Grey Fiske, smiling and affable, was, of course, on deck.

Dion Boucicault, conspicuous in a light gray suit, trim and well cut as a dandy's, sat on the platform, the observed of all observers.

Col. Ingersoll in his speech enlarged upon the work, the trials and the triumphs of the stage. He praised actors and playwrights. He reviled and satirized the men who opposed the stage. He declared that his was a philosophy of enjoyment. He didn't believe in solemn-faced stupidity. He believed in laughter, in love of life, in the pleasures of the imagination, in the pleasures of a sound and vigorous body.

The Colonel had the audience with him every time.

There wasn't one of them—soubrette or low comedian, tragedian or walking gentleman, walking lady or old man, old woman or ingenue, player of bones, or dancer of jigs—but applauded the bald, level-headed orator.

"I want him to speak at my funeral," said Aunt Louisa. "There's no nonsense about him."

I noticed many familiar faces in the orchestra and the gallery.

Jolly Marie Janeen was there.

Richard Mansfield, Pearl Eyinge, Donnelly and Gerard, Harry Lacy, Sydney Rosenfeld, De Wolf Hopper, were there.

Harry Kornell, Mark Murphy, Joe Hart, Alice Harrison, Louis Harrison, Mike Kennedy, Charley Bowser, Georgia Cayvan, Marion Erle, were there.

They admired Ingersoll the actor as well as Ingersoll the orator.

Boucicault, who followed Ingersoll, didn't seem to catch on.

His speech was witty, it is true; but it had

BASEBALL GOSSIP.

The Boys Who Have Won Distinction on the Diamond Field.



John J. Rogers.

The portrait which heads our column this week is that of Mr. John J. Rogers, the vice-president of the Philadelphia club. Mr. Rogers has for many years taken an active interest in baseball, and even to this day is one of the most important magnates in the arena. He is a very able lawyer, and in consequence thereof the bulk of the work at the conventions falls upon his shoulders, and so much of this work has been left to Mr. Rogers to adjust that he is widely known as the lawyer of the League.

President Lyons, of the Louisville club, seems to be made of the right kind of stuff, as he shows grit to the backbone when he says "Kelly stands too high in the estimation of the baseball public to be ousted by a few second-class ball players who would not be able to hold positions in any but minor league clubs were they released. The officers and directors are perfectly satisfied with John Kelly's management." Kelly is a hard worker, and it is no fault of his that the Louisville stuffs can't hit the ball.

What! Can it be possible that Anson has made the startling discovery that there is illegal delivery in pitching? How many pitchers are on the dead level according to Hoyle?

A rumor got about that Anson had dropped dead in Danbury, but there was no such luck, as when Manager Mutrie went up to offer his condolence he found Anson the liveliest corpse he had ever seen.

Hoy, of the Washingtons, never says a word, but he plays ball for all it is worth. He is just the boy to set Latham a good example.

The Columbus directors suspended Neal, and that gentleman is now getting himself in fine trim for the black list.

The Omaha club management is very fly, and they will make money hand over fist this season if they carry out their present policy of reducing their expenses by bleeding their players. In a recent game Lovett, Burdick and Wilson were each squeezed for \$50 for not playing as well against the Des Moines as the directors thought they should.

Springer is sore on the Dallas, Texas, gang, as they offered him \$125 per month, and when he got there they squealed out of their bargain, and tried to beat him down in his price. It is a dirty trick, but there are tricks in every trade, and Springer will know enough the next time to have his contract sent on and the whole business put in black and white before taking a long journey on a fool's errand.

Gaffney uses good judgment when he says: "Of course I may make a mistake in calling a ball for a strike when a batsman strikes at it, but I'll never alter any other decision." That is the right kind of a spirit to show, as Decker, by changing his decision in New York for the bissing of a few cranks, disgusted over thirteen thousand spectators, who preferred seeing the game played on its merits.

The Birminghams have blacklisted Petty, but the front they are making does not frighten anybody, as Petty is now playing with a little country club at Selma, Ala., and does not ever expect to again face a National Agreement club.

The man was not a fire bug, but only an inoffensive citizen, who occupied a seat in the grand stand with his vest pocket full of parlor matches, when a foul came along like a streak of greased lightning and hit him full on the pocket. There was an imitation of a Gatling battery. Everybody fell over everybody else, and the inoffensive gentleman commenced getting out of his clothes as fast as he knew how, but before he reached his vest it fell off of him, and his shirt was so badly used up that it was not worth trying to shed. He had his life insured, and they are now trying to prove a case of arson.

President Young showed his good common sense by appointing John Kelly on the League staff of umpires instead of scouring the country for some more of his relatives to torture the public with.

Lon Knight is trying to catch on to umpire in the League, but he is not meeting with much encouragement.

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Tom Deasley is off again, and every few days he gets a slice as big as the side of a house taken off his salary. If he does not soon brace up he will not only play all season for nothing, but he will probably owe the club several thousand dollars as well.

The Hamilton management is having a pretty lively time trying to make pennant winners out of the aggregation they have secured. The boys have not been playing up to the mark, and they are now being fined for every error they make and failure to hit the ball. Some of the players owe the club several hundred dollars.

One or two of the Texas League clubs are finding it hard to make ends meet this season, owing to the heavy salary list of the players and poor patronage.

Ramsey is a "lala." The moment he gets hit hard his heart comes up into his throat and makes him so sick that he has to get out of the game. A man without a good heart is not worth a button on a ball field.

The life of an umpire is a rocky road indeed, and if any class of men on earth earn their salaries, it is the umpires, as they have to shoulder the curses of the defeated club and their friends in nine games out of ten. No matter how popular a man may be, all he has to do is to pose as an umpire to be branded a villain of the deepest dye.

Comiskey had a little bit of satisfaction, but it proved rather an expensive luxury. He told Doescher that his decision was robbery. "That will cost you \$25," said Doescher. Comiskey got hot and let him know that he had robbed them of two games in Cincinnati. "Twenty-five dollars more," responded Doescher coolly. As the conversation was costing him about \$50 a minute, Comiskey took a grand drop and went over and sat down on the players' bench, saying to O'Neill, "I don't see how you can be so cool and indifferent." O'Neill gave him a knowing look and said, "I blow in my dust where I can have more pleasure for less money."

Van Haltren, the California "wonder," visited New York city June 8, and he has been wondering ever since how they did it and who it was that told him he was a pitcher. Twenty-three hits, with a total of forty-two, five of which were home runs, is enough to make him take the first train for the Pacific Slope.

Boyle, of the Indianapolis club, is a good deal of a crank, and Manager Spence has to pet and coax him like a three-year-old.

It was not Burke's fault that the Manchester released him, but because the other fellows made a marker of him and pounded his pitching all over the field.

The St. Louis Browns are a fine lot of plums to talk about the Cincinnati playing dirty ball, when they can double discount and give them points as well.

Even the shirt houses have adopted baseball as an advertising medium. An enterprising shirt maker in Boston, in order to get his name in the papers and gain a little notoriety, as well as drum up trade, has offered to give one dozen shirts to the members of the Boston club who shall steal the greatest number of bases during the present season.

There is nothing mean about Storey, the colored pitcher, only the Worcester club like to see what he looks like. They engaged him, but were a trifle tooify to give him the big advance money he requested. Even the \$25 he asked for was not sent, as they considered \$10 great abundance for his car fare. Here is where some one got left, as the \$10 was sent, but the pitcher that was looked for never came.

Much indignation is shown in New York city over the cowardly manner in which Glasscock spiked Tierman at second base June 2, thereby disabling one of the heaviest batters and finest base runners in the United States. The loss of his services has crippled the New Yorks greatly, and resulted in their meeting with several defeats and dropping from second to fourth place in the race for the championship.

Dickerson, of the Toronto, is a reckless fellow with his money, as he recently gave Manager Powers \$150 for a little whisky.

They do not think enough of money in Milwaukee to turn to loafers. When a spectator so far forgets his manhood as to make insulting remarks to the visiting players from the grand stand, he goes out of the grounds on his head, no matter how good a customer he may be.

Barrett, of the Allentowns, found he had no fool to do with when he commenced shooting off his mouth at Umpire Connolly.

Already several of the minor league clubs have turned up their toes. Big salaries are not accessory to financial success.

Rooney Sweeny is again on the turf, as the Manchesters have no further use for him.

The Jackson, Mich., club has fined Jack Morrison \$500 and suspended him for the remainder of the season for drunkenness and leaving the club without permission. It seems a pretty heavy fine for a minor league club to impose, but then that might have been the amount they owed him, and possibly the wisest course to pursue in order to get out of paying it.

President Nimick, of the Pittsburgh club, has soured on Hardie Henderson and is of the opinion that he has outlived his usefulness as a pitcher. The Lowell's pounding him for thirteen earned runs is the straw which broke the camel's back.

Sam Trott has tried sliding over the home plate on his nose and says it is not what it is cracked up to be. Al Jennings became so callous with his experience at umpiring in the Southern League that he thinks he is tough enough to run the gauntlet in the New England League.

When Tierman makes a break for a base and slides he reminds one of a steel runner toboggan on an icy incline.

McKeough, late of the Memphis club, did not last long in Sandusky, as his experience of one day's pitching finished him. He is now seriously thinking about going into the peanut business.

Fining Kid Baldwin \$100 and suspending him indefinitely had a very soothing effect on his freshness. The youngster now fully realizes that he is not the only man in America.

Burdock has broken away from the old stuff and is playing in his old form at second base. The chances are that the \$1,000 forfeit won't go.

They have baseball down to a science in Connecticut, as the management fine the players every time they lose a game, and, oh, my, how they do bleed their poor pitchers!

When a crank draws the line so closely that he will not accept a free pass to an association ground because the tariff was raised from 25 to 50 cents, it is about time to cut the string and set him adrift. The experience in New York city is that the greatest kickers are the men who get into the grounds on deadhead tickets.

Parker and O'Rourke of the Toledo club, the catcher and third baseman, while chasing a foul ball at Lima, tried to run through each other but without success. They were both knocked insensible, and Parker's left eye was nearly cut out.

The Pittsburgh papers not only encourage gambling but they come out in their ball column and announce the odds the bookmakers are laying on the various clubs.

The Detroit players are dead sore on Watkins; but he is making them play ball for all it is worth just the same as though they were dead stuck on him.

Van Haltren can play short, can cover a field, and can pitch. Useful materials in Van.—*Chicago Herald*. We have seen him pitch—26 hits, with a total of forty-two bases. If he is as good at short and in the field as he is in the box, he must certainly be a very valuable man.

Monroe, of the Kalamazoo, fell desperately in love with that fascinating "booze," and became so spoony that the club management had to cut the string and set him adrift. He is only one of many whose affections have been won by voluptuous "booze."

The style in which the Brooklyns are playing in this year has set the Brooklynites crazy.

It does not make much difference to the people in Jackson, Mich., whether their club wins or loses, so long as they have a club. On a recent trip they lost twelve games out of fifteen, and went sneaking home in mortal terror of being chased out of town; but, to their great surprise, they were met at the depot with a torchlight procession, headed by a band of music, and after the parade they were given a grand banquet.

Old Sutton is holding on like grim death to a dead nigger. When all the other ball players in the land will have died from old age, Sutton will still be found among the colts playing like a thoroughbred.

THEY RISKED THE CONSEQUENCES.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

On Friday afternoon Carrie Land and Katie Carroll, two girls employed at the Riverside House, Chippewa Falls, Wis., received severe injuries in a runaway. When the butcher delivered meat the girls were in the habit of jumping into the cart and driving around the block. The man warned them not to do so, as the horse was skittish and had run away several times. Not believing him, they started while he was in the house, and had gone but a short distance when the horse began to kick, breaking the dashboard, and threw the girls out. Carrie Land was badly cut on the face and neck and also injured in the back, which will probably cripple her for life, if it does not prove fatal. The other's injuries were light, being only a broken arm.

HE WAS MASHED ON HER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

"Oh, why did I allow my love for that woman to bring me to this," was the exclamation of a young man as he was hustled into a cell in the central station at Milwaukee, Wis., a few mornings ago. He gave his name as Frank Dewey. He is a rather prepossessing young man, 35 years of age, and well dressed. Dewey was arrested by Detectives Spangler and Schilke at the instance of Miss Annie Cushman, a variety actress filling a week's engagement at the Dime museum, who says that Dewey had threatened her life. Frank, it seems, had become infatuated with the pretty actress, with whom he had been having a gay time until he got dead broke, when she shoved him off. His arrest was caused in consequence of his attempt to kill her.

THE ST. LOUIS CONVENTION.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The St. Louis Convention has been made the subject of a full-page illustration this week by one of our staff of talented artists, who has adhered faithfully to this paper's style of treating the subject. Of course, this, our readers will not fail to appreciate, would be too commonplace—in other words, entirely out of our line—did it not bristle with sufficient humor—not being of a sensational character—to appeal that relish for spice in literature which we know our many thousands of readers so well enjoy, and which we spare no pains or expense to enable them to enjoy to the fullest extent.

THE DISGRACE WAS TOO MUCH.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The body of Miss Adell Menard, daughter of Joseph Menard, a prominent citizen of Minneapolis, Minn., was found floating in the river late Friday afternoon. Miss Menard passed Monday evening in company with the young man to whom she was betrothed. Before retiring that night Mr. Menard whipped her for some reason not disclosed, and the next morning she was missing. She left two notes, one to her father and the other to her lover. To the former she wrote that she was going to commit suicide by drowning and that she had been driven to the deed by his cruelty.

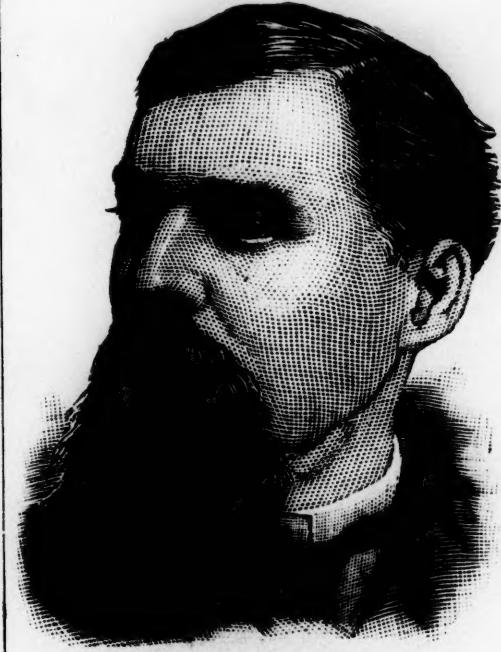
A JEALOUS MAN'S DOUBLE CRIME.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

William Miller, of Brunswick, Mo., saw his wife and John Morgan sitting together in the depot at that place on Friday. Miller had reason to suspect his wife of intimacy with Morgan, and drawing his revolver he began firing. The first shot struck his wife in the arm and the second pierced her breast. She fell to the floor mortally wounded. Miller next turned the weapon on Morgan, and with one shot brought him to the floor, with a bullet through his head.

OUR PORTRAITS.

Men and Women Who Find Pictorial Fame in These Columns.



Porter Smith.

The Chief of Police of Wheeling, W. Va., whose portrait heads this column, is a Pennsylvanian, and was born in New Castle, that State, in 1841. He became a resident of Wheeling in 1867. Shortly after taking up his residence there he was elected a member of the City Council, and served in that municipal body continuously for ten years. In 1877 he was elected to fill an unexpired term of five months as City Sergeant. January, '86, he was again elected City Sergeant, and served until '87, when he was elected Chief of Police by a large majority. His present term expires in January, 1888.

Mrs. Priscilla Henderson.

The recent death of Mrs. Priscilla Henderson at New Haven, Conn., created considerable of a sensation in consequence of reports that it had been caused by malpractice.

Richard M. Dayton.

Richard M. Dayton was recently sentenced by Judge Edwards, at Albany, N. Y., to twelve years' imprisonment for causing the death of May Willett, of Castleton, N. Y., through malpractice.

Joseph Sherer.

In this issue may be found the portrait of Joseph Sherer, of Albany, N. Y., who murdered his sweetheart, Lizzie McCarthy, because she refused to marry him. The details of this murder were published in our last issue.

Albert A. Kennett.

The full details concerning the murder of Dickie Denier, a beautiful young lady, at La Crosse, Wis., were given in our last issue. Albert A. Kennett has been arrested on the charge of committing the crime. He is only 22 years of age.

Lizzie McCarthy.

A few days ago Albany, N. Y., was shocked by the atrocious murder of Lizzie McCarthy by her lover, Joseph Sherer. Sherer shot her because she broke her engagement with him. The details of the crime were published in last week's issue.

"Bud" Miller.

Henry, better known as "Bud" Miller, a youth seventeen years old, living at Yaquina, Ore., had an altercation with a playmate, Elmer Wright, recently, in which he stabbed his antagonist with a case knife, ground down to the shape of a dirk. Wright subsequently died from the effects of the wound.

Pete Baranski.

The publication in our columns last week of the Bushy Tract, Pa., murder created widespread interest. Pete Baranski is charged with committing the foul deed in order to get possession of a sum of money which in some way he learned was in the house the women occupied. After murdering the women in the most brutal fashion and rifling a trunk containing the money, he set fire to the house to conceal his crime.

John K. Miles.

The elopement of John K. Miles, a young business man of Philadelphia, with Miss Virginia Corson furnished quite a sensation in the Quaker City, particularly when it became known that Miles was a forger to the extent of \$4,000. The pair are now supposed to be in England, but as a reward has been offered for the apprehension of Miles, it is probable that he will be extradited. The young man's picture appears among our array of criminal portraits this week.

Dickie Denier.

The trial of Albert Kennett at La Crosse, Wis., on the charge of murdering his sweetheart, Dickie Denier, will soon take place in that city. A great deal of mystery surrounds this crime. Kennett is known to have been intimate with the unfortunate girl, but up to the time the deed was committed, he was considered a most exemplary young man. But this, it seems, was used as a cloak for evil, because it is charged that, while acting the part of a model youth, he concocted the ruin of Miss Denier, subsequently murdering her after she had served his wicked purpose.

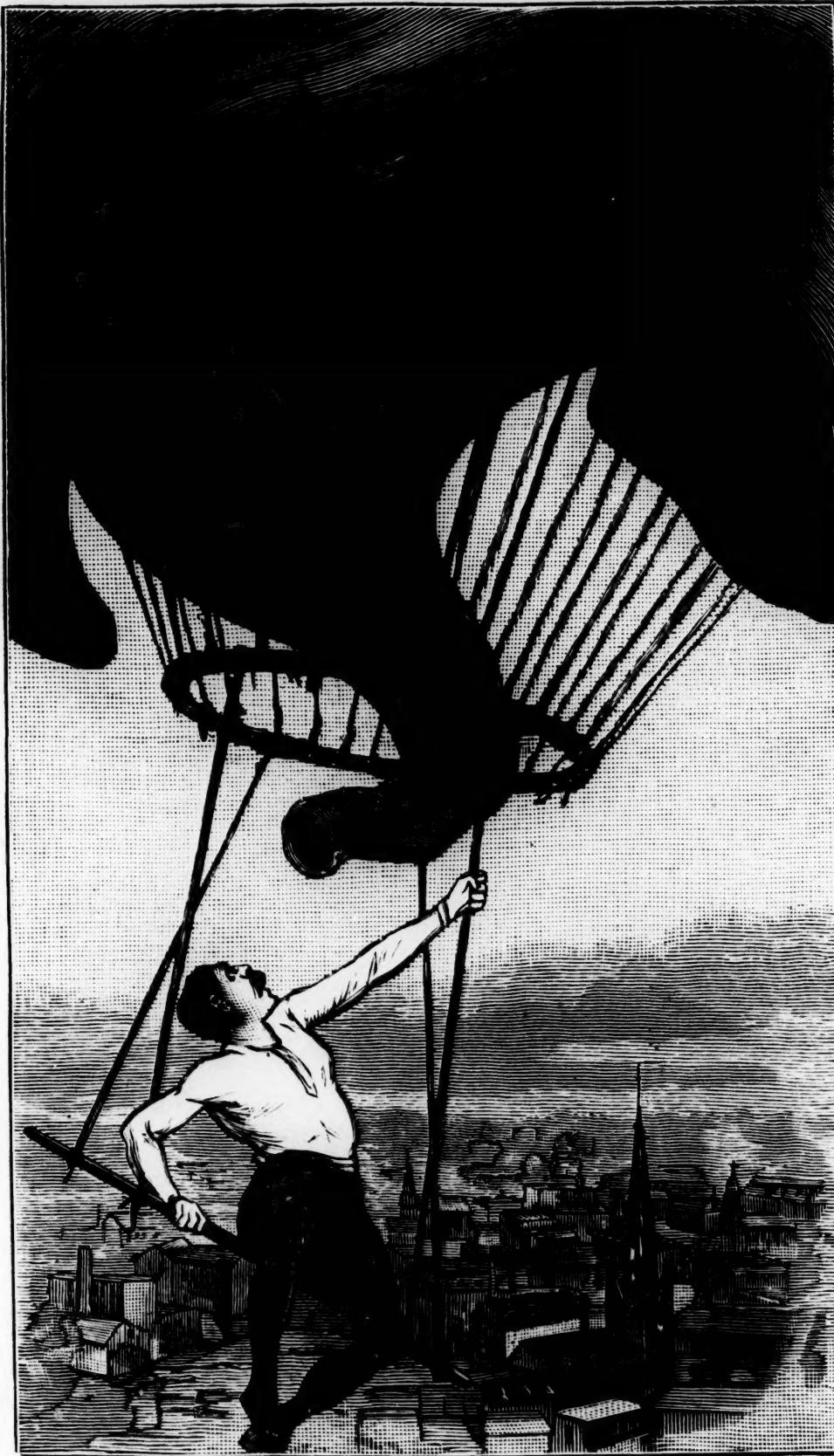
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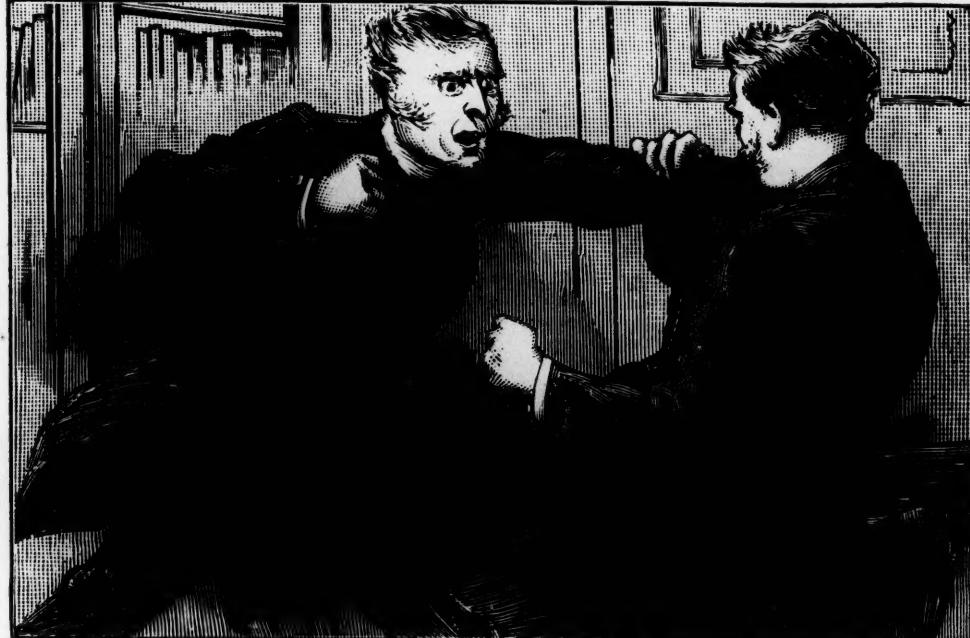
JOHN W. GERLACH,
THE POPULAR AND ENERGETIC PROPRIETOR AND MANAGER OF THE ADELPHI
THEATRE, BUFFALO, NEW YORK.



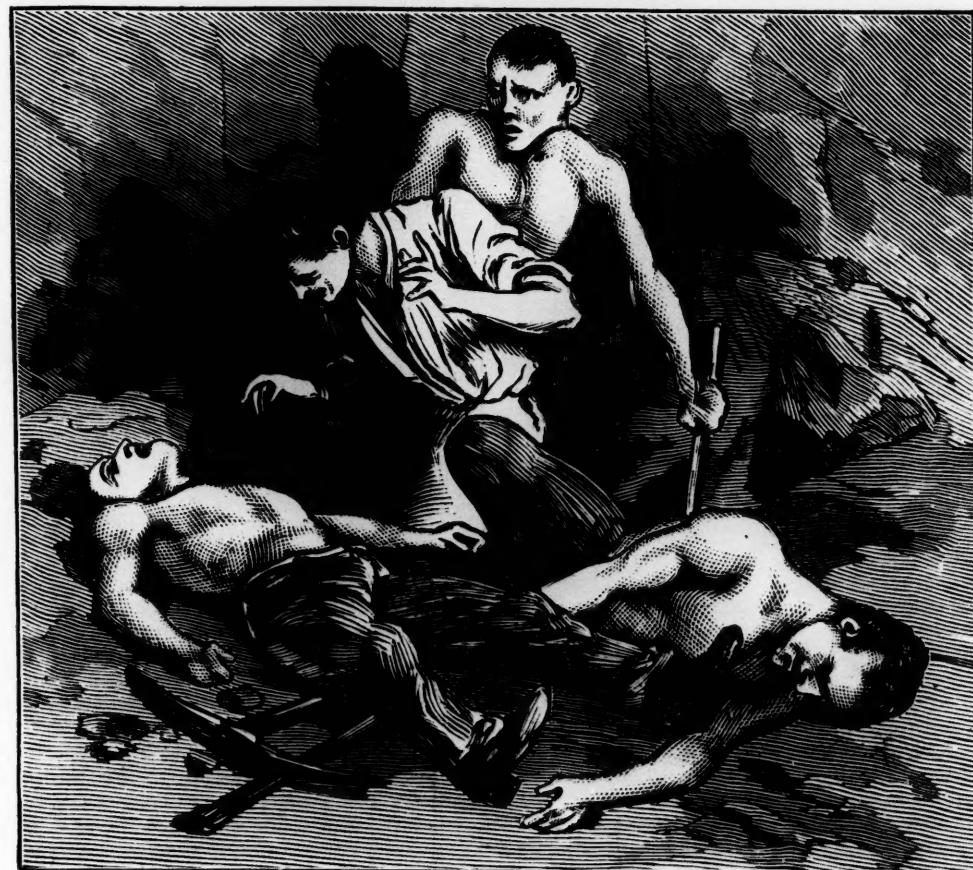
LOUISA ELDRIDGE,
A GOOD ACTRESS AND A CHARITABLE LADY KNOWN BY THE DRAMATIC PROFESSION AS AUNT LOUISA.



AN AERONAUT'S FRIGHTFUL EXPERIENCE.
A BALLOON IN WHICH PROF. BELMONT MAKES AN ASCENT AT KANSAS CITY, MO.,
BURSTS, DASHING HIM TO THE EARTH.



CLERICAL LOVERS FIGHT.
TWO WISCONSIN CLERGYMEN QUARREL OVER THE HAND OF A MENOMONEE LADY.
AND END WITH A KNOCK-DOWN SCRAP.



ENTOMBED ALIVE.
A CAVE IN AT THE ST. LAWRENCE COPPER MINE NEAR BUTTE, MON., BURIES FOUR
MEN, RESULTING FATALLY TO TWO.



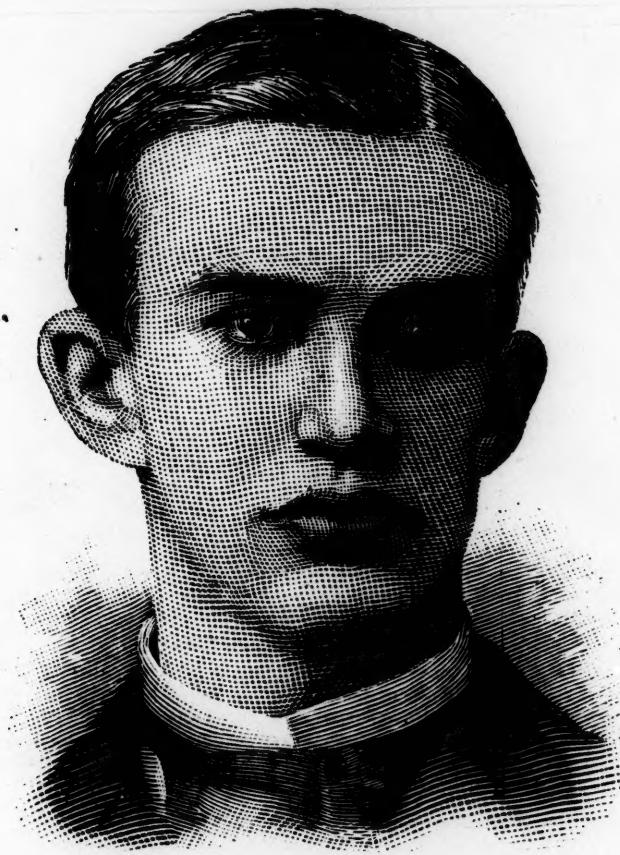
JOHN K. MILES,
A FAST YOUNG MAN OF PHILADELPHIA, PA., WHO IS WANTED
FOR FORGERY.



LIZZIE McCARTHY,
MURDERED AT ALBANY, N. Y., BY JOSEPH SHERER BECAUSE SHE
WOULDN'T MARRY HIM.



JOSEPH SHERER,
OF ALBANY, N. Y., THE MURDERER OF HIS SWEETHEART
LIZZIE McCARTHY.



ALBERT A. KENNELL,
THE LA CROSSE, WIS., YOUTH CHARGED WITH THE MURDER OF
PRETTY DICKIE DENIER, HIS SWEETHEART.



DICKIE DENIER,
A BEAUTIFUL LA CROSSE, WIS., GIRL SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN
MURDERED BY ALBERT KENNELL, HER LOVER.



"BUD" MILLER,
THE SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD YAQUINA, ORE., BOY WHO KILLED
HIS PLAYMATE ELMER WRIGHT.



PETE BARANSKI,
THE BUSHY TRACT, PA., MURDERER WHO TRIED TO CONCEAL HIS
CRIME BY CREMATING HIS VICTIMS' BODIES.



MRS. PRISCILLA HENDERSON,
OF NEW HAVEN, CONN., THE ALLEGED VICTIM OF MALPRACTICE
WHOSE DEATH CAUSED A BIG SENSATION.



RICHARD M. DAYTON,
SENTENCED AT ALBANY, N. Y., TO TWELVE YEARS IN STATES
PRISON FOR MALPRACTICE.

OH, MY!

Allegations Concerning Miss Minnie Terry and Dr. Perine, of Summit, N. J.

VERY, VERY NAUGHTY.

She Kissed the Handsome Doctor and Rested her Feet On His Lap.

A FOUL PLOT, TOO.



Mrs. MARY ANN PERINE was notified by spirits about two years ago that Miss Minnie Terry was trying to worry her to death in order to succeed her as the wife of Dr. Geo. H. Perine. She was warned to take some active steps while it was yet time to thwart the foul plot.

This startling revelation came rather late, as old Mrs. Perine's living friends say they had formed a like conclusion months before the attention of her bodyless advisers was directed to the matter. The old lady herself had not been entirely blind to what had been going on in her handsome country house, the Perine Mountain Home, at Summit, N. J., between her husband and his favorite boarder, but she took no definite action to end what she now deems a wanton flirtation until after receiving the spiritual advice about her temporal affairs.

She then wrote a letter to Mr. George D. Carroll, of the Dempsey & Carroll corporation, who was the president of the Metropolitan Church of Humanity, on West Twenty-third street, a spiritualistic organization, of which she and her husband, as well as Miss Terry and her father, were members. If she had consulted friendly spirits before writing she might have learned that the letter would cost her no little annoyance and would result in bringing her into court as the defendant in a suit brought by Miss Terry to recover \$5,000 for libel.

There was a good-sized audience present in Part 1 of the Supreme Court to listen to the suit of Miss Minnie Terry. All the parties to this action are a peculiar kind of spiritualists; some of the witnesses are mediums. They belong to an organization known as the Metropolitan Church of Humanity, located at No. 251 West Twenty-third street. Miss Terry and her father were initiated at the request of the Perines, at whose house in Summit, N. J., they boarded during the summer of 1882.

Mr. George D. Carroll, of the Dempsey & Carroll corporation, is the Poo-Bah of this institution, and to this gentleman Mrs. Perine wrote a couple of letters, in which she charged Miss Terry with attempting to alienate her husband's affections.

According to the evidence of a half dozen witnesses, the old gentleman and his pretty guest used to roam together through the woods and lanes, they sat in the same chair on the piazza and in the same hammock on the lawn, and when they by chance happened to sit apart she rested her slippers feet in the doctor's lap, and called him "Papa Perine."

All this, of course, was not pleasing to Mrs. Perine, according to her testimony, and they frequently clashed. On one of these occasions Miss Terry told the old lady that she hated her but she "loved the doctor," and intimated that Mrs. Perine couldn't help herself.

The proceedings were opened by Mrs. Perine resuming the witness stand. In answer to her counsel, Lawyer Benn, she stated that a Brooklyn clairvoyant, Mrs. Martin by name, had warned her that "Dr. Perine was a doomed man unless he could manage to rid himself of the influence of the Terrys, father and daughter."

"Why," said her counsel, "did you write those letters to Mr. Carroll concerning your husband and Miss Terry?"

"Because I regarded it as my duty, and I prayed to the spirits to guide me."

"Is it true that Miss Terry was called by the people at the house the doctor's little dog?"

"Yes, it is."

At this there was a general laugh, which Judge Lawrence immediately silenced.

"What message did Mrs. Stryker, the medium, give you from your departed daughter, Eva?"



"She told me that improper relations existed between my husband and Miss Terry."

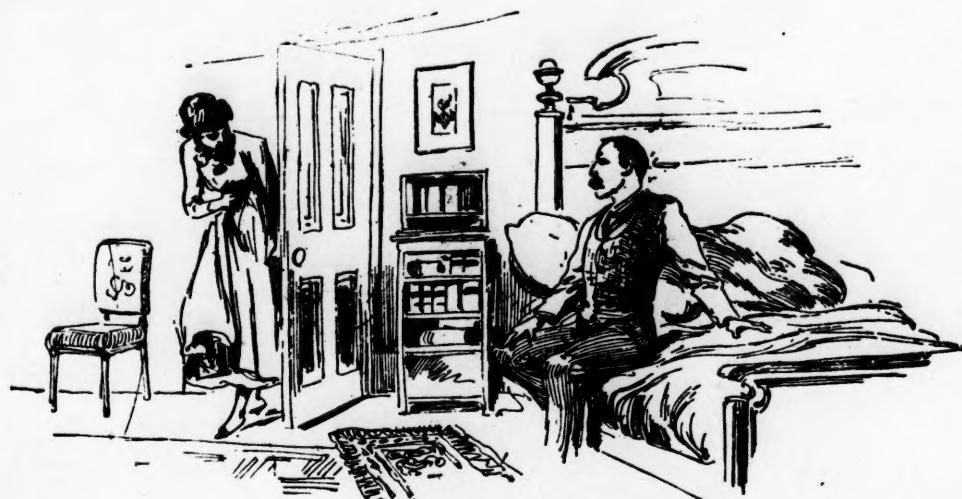
"During that summer of 1882 did you observe anything improper in Miss Terry's behavior?"

"Yes, sir. While we were at a picnic one day I accidentally caught her and the doctor in a very compromising position. When she saw me she jumped up

know you love my husband," and she replied, "Yes, I do, and I hate you."

After the recess Mrs. Perine again resumed the stand, but was not examined to any great length.

William Henry Smith, a colored boy, 17 years old, testified that he had worked for the doctor about two years at his office in this city.



"GOOD NIGHT MY DEAR."

and started to run away. I had the carriage horsewhip with me and I threatened to whip them both. I didn't do so, however."

"What was the compromising position you allude to?"

The witness refused to answer.

Mrs. Perine then told of a judgment which was visited on Mr. Terry, the plaintiff's father, as a warning to him for conspiring to ruin Dr. Perine. She said: "We had a meeting under a tent one beautiful day in September, and when Mr. Terry started to make an address, a gust of wind tore the tent to pieces." She further testified to having seen Miss Terry kissing and hugging the doctor many times during 1882 and 1883.

"Did your husband ever give Miss Terry magnetic treatment?"

"He did, and she was very willing to have it done in order to develop her as a medium."

The witness said she did not believe very strongly in spiritualism until she had received a communication from her daughter Eva, who died four years ago. She

"Did you ever see Miss Terry at the doctor's office?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did she come often?"

"She did."

"How did she act when there?"

"She used to sit on the doctor's lap."

"How do you know?"

"I went to the room to get water and saw her through the open door. She generally came alone. When she saw me she got off the doctor's lap. Sometimes she remained until the doctor went home."

Carrie M. Sawyer was the next witness. She testified that she had called at the house in Summit four different times, but that she saw nothing suspicious passing between the doctor and Miss Terry. On cross examination she was asked if she had ever seen Miss Terry and the doctor together.

"Yes, I have," was the reply. "The doctor introduced her as his 'second daughter,' explaining that she had healed the wound caused by the loss of Eva, his first daughter."



HE CALLED HER HIS "LITTLE DOG."

also said that her husband was of a "romping disposition," and used to frolic around with his nieces, Miss Turnbull and Miss Jacobson.

"I didn't mind that, for I thought he had a right to romp with them. Miss Terry, though, was the favored one. She was always the last to kiss him good-bye and the first to kiss him on his return. I couldn't help it, for she ruled the house. One day I said to her, 'You

"Did Mrs. Perine make any objection to this?"

"She did not."

Miss Sawyer also testified that Miss Terry did a great deal of housework and seemed kindly disposed toward Mrs. Perine. "I never suspected there was anything wrong until I was told so last January by Mrs. Perine."

Warren A. Jacobson, a brother-in-law of Mrs. Perine, next took the stand. Mr. Jacobson's forehead extends nearly to the back of his neck, and he lives in Jersey City. Said he: "I have seen Miss Terry kiss and hug the doctor, and sit on his lap. She also took long walks with him. I saw that she was trying to draw the doctor's attention away from his wife."

"Did you ever see your daughters kiss the doctor?"

"Yes; but they were his nieces, and I didn't think anything of it."

"They were only his nieces by marriage, were they not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Were there any other men stopping at the house in Summit?"

"No, sir; the doctor was about the only one, and I suppose that is why the girls ran after him so much."

"They didn't run after you much, did they?"

"No, sir."

"That will do."

Elizabeth Wells was next called. She was dressed in brown, and wore a bunch of daisies in her hat. She testified as follows:

"In 1882 I saw the doctor carry Miss Terry down stairs pick-a-pack, she having her arms around his neck. I saw her kiss the doctor many times, and heard her tell him she loved him."

"Do you profess to be a materializing medium?"

"Yes, sir."

"What is the difference between a materializing medium and a clairvoyant?"

"A materializing medium gives physical manifestations, while a clairvoyant simply sees visions. When I give a regular seance as a medium, I sit in a cabinet or in a corner of the room, curtained off. I then go into a trance and know nothing of what takes place."

"Have you no recollection of what your vision was that you gave to Mrs. Perine?"

"No, sir; it happened so long ago that I forgot."

"Have you any recollection of the time when you gave a seance at which various persons were present, and at which you were found on the floor, and the people rushed around you?"

"I know nothing about being found on the floor. The first words I remember were, 'Stand up!'"

"Do you remember that you were undressed?"

"I heard I was undressed."

"How do you account for it?"

"The spirits transfigured me, I suppose."

"You were dressed when you went into the cabinet?"

"I was."

"How do you account for the spirits exposing you in that way?"

"I am not aware that I was exposed."

"Did you have a sitting afterward to vindicate yourself?"

"I did."

"When did you first talk with Mrs. Perine about this case?"

"I never talked with her at all about it. The first I knew was when I was subpoenaed, a month ago."

This ended her testimony.

Mr. Benn, defendant's attorney, then stated to the Court that the doctor was willing to take the stand, but he was not present. There were two more absent witnesses, so the Court adjourned.

AN AERONAUT'S FRIGHTFUL EXPERIENCE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

There was scene at Kansas City, Mo., that caused women to shriek and faint, and strong men to cry out in horror. Prof. Belmont made an ascension in a balloon, which arose rapidly to an altitude of about 300 feet, then to the crowd below she seemed to suddenly halt, waver and then descend with lightning rapidity. She had struck a current of cold air and had burst. Breathless and horror stricken the watchers awaited, expecting to see Belmont dashed to the earth and killed. That he escaped such a fate was indeed almost miraculous; but the two fragments of the balloon, held in place by the ropes about it, formed a sort of parachute, and instead of falling as a dead weight, it circled and floated through the air as it descended. It fell, however, at the rate of about twelve miles an hour, and with force enough to break Belmont's right leg just above the knee.

A LUCKY DARKY.

The Young Colored Porter Who Won \$15,000 in The Louisiana State Lottery.

A reporter, while in the Mallory Steamship Company's office in this city a few days ago, met the young colored porter, George Henry Ashe, who, at the last monthly drawing of The Louisiana Lottery, won \$15,000 of the capital prize.

Ashe is a young copper-colored darky, twenty-eight years of age, polite and obliging, of sober and industrious habits, and has occupied the position of porter in the Mallory office for the past six years.

One would naturally think that the acquiring of such sudden wealth would be calculated to turn the head of one in Ashe's station of life, but such is not the case. He pursues the even tenor of his way, continuing in his position as office porter, and prosecutes his work as faithfully and earnestly as though the position were his only dependence.

When asked as to his plans for the future he replied: "I have put my money out at interest, and intend to continue to work for Captain Sawyer as long as my services give him satisfaction. It was my wife who purchased the ticket \$5,315, which won the \$15,000."

"Yes, I have been buying lottery tickets for about three years. I have always come out even on the investment during this time by winning small approximation prizes, and at the same drawing in which I won the \$15,000 I also won \$250 on another ticket, but this amount is so insignificant compared with the \$15,000 that I only mention it incidentally."

"Yes, the money was promptly paid, and I have it securely invested for the benefit of my family, consisting of a wife and three children. I expect I will continue to patronize the lottery, and should I be as fortunate in the future as I have been in the past, I don't think I will have any cause to regret it."—Galveston (Tex.) News, May 30.

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DR. PERINE.

MISS TERRY'S FATHER.

JUDGE LYNCH.

He Makes Quick Work of the Murderer of the Drake Family.

STORMING THE JAIL.

Andrew Grandstaff's Confession of the Viroqua Butchery.

TWICE STRUNG UP.



URROUNDED by a mob of fully one thousand determined men, the murderer of Reuben Drake, his wife, and their two innocent little grandchildren found retribution on an improvised gallows in front of the jail at Viroqua, Wis., at an early hour on Saturday morning. His name is Andrew Grandstaff. Being suddenly pounced upon by the authorities, he made a full confession as to the atrocious quadruple butchery, and before night the men of the vicinity gathered in ominous fashion to mete out swift justice. Recognizing the necessity of securing reinforcements if the life of the prisoner was to be preserved for the process of law, the sheriff wired Governor Rusk to call out the militia. It was, of course, too late to comply immediately, as no trains would bring the nearest company of national guards to the scene this night, and so the governor telegraphed in reply that the sheriff should swear in all the special deputies he might require to protect the prisoner until he could get a company of militia to the place. Every man within a radius of twenty miles and more, however, was in sympathy with the fast multiplying mob, and the authorities were unable to obtain any reinforcements worth mentioning. It is doubtful if even a company of militia could have saved the life of the prisoner, for Judge Lynch ruled supreme this night, and he had a thousand men to do his bidding and a reserve of a thousand more.

No one who looked the ground over thoroughly after the murder believed that the guilty wretch would ever be brought to justice. There was absolutely no clue to his identity. Yet just one week to the hour almost after the atrocious crime he was captured, and five hours later his full confession was made to the officers, but as yet it is not made public. No one except your correspondent is in possession of the facts. The murderer, Andrew Grandstaff, was captured while in bed last night by F. J. Farrell, a member of the Pinkerton detective force, who had been working the case for only two days or less. He was assisted in the arrest by ex-Sheriff Morley and Goodell of this county. They found the murderer at the residence of a man named Jennings in the backwoods of the town of Liberty, near the Kickapoo river, where he had made his headquarters for some days. He was taken to Readstown and kept during the night, when the detectives and officers pumped a full confession out of him.

Grandstaff says he left the house of Jennings at 8 o'clock on the morning of the murder, and stretched himself in the woods all day and arrived at a safe distance from the Drake homestead about 4 o'clock. "I stayed there until dark," he continued. "Then I went down into the bottom and up to the house, stopped and looked into the window, then knocked at the door. The old gentleman, (Drake) said 'come in.' I entered the house and asked him for a drink of water. I took the drink and spoke a few words to him. They called me by name. I asked him if he had any money and he said he did not. I drew a revolver and told him I wanted his money. He said he did not have any but was expecting or looking for some soon. When he said this the second time I shot him. When I first went into the house Mrs. Drake was putting the two grandchildren to bed. She went into the bedroom to go to bed, before I shot. This was after the children were in bed. Just after I shot she came out with the Winchester rifle. I think I had then shot at the old man twice and he had fallen. As Mrs. Drake came out of the bedroom door I shot her, and just as I shot her she let the rifle fall. I shot her twice. I think I looked into everything but found no money. The children were then awake and both stood up in bed looking out at me. I thought I would have to kill them, for if I did not they would tell on me. Then I cut their throats. The little girl's first. She was on the front side of the bed. The boy was upon his elbow when I took hold of him and he struggled. I cut his throat, but do not remember of stabbing him."

It was not till an inkling as to the nature of the confession made by Grandstaff circulated through the crowd that it became evident that nothing less than the defense of a Gatling gun could prevent the mob from wringing his neck. Men there were in the mob whose peaceful pursuits and good citizenship have given them a standing in the community that had stood the test for years, but who were determined, as they thought of their own homes and remembered the quiet old couple whom the wretch in jail had murdered in cold blood, that he should expiate his crime before the

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night was over. There was no leader, but none was needed. Every man of the thousand gathered there had appointed himself a willing executioner. It was as with a common impulse that the march to the jail was begun. It was not a violent, turbulent mob, shouting and seeking by excess of noise to instill courage into itself. Its very silence denoted grim determination. The jail authorities, in anticipation of their coming, had barricaded the old stone jail as best they could.

"What do you want?" called out the sheriff, as one man in the van beat a violent tattoo on the panel

butchery. His knees tremble, his limbs refuse to do their service, and he falls in terror into the far corner of his cell as though to crawl as far away from the reach of the avengers as the limited quarters will allow. There is no pity in the faces that glare at him, and he crouches in his corner like a hunted animal that sees no avenue of escape. A gleam of hope lights up his features as he notes that the strength of the steel bars baffle the men. Ten minutes pass, and he is still safe for the moment. Ten minutes more, half an hour, and still the steel does not yield to the combined attack. The men become impatient, as the resounding

the hand of his nearest foe, and raised the weapon to bring it down upon the head of its former possessor. Another man seizes the uplifted arm, a third member of this crowd of vigilantes deals him a blow in the face that almost fells him and brings a stream of blood, and others seize his legs and arms, crying for a rope.

In the hands of a dozen men as he is, with hundreds of others pressing forward to get at him—some anxious to tear him limb from limb without more ado, others eager to reserve him for the rope and the limb of a tree, Grandstaff still struggles, bites and kicks in his impotent desperation, the only result being to bring more punishment upon himself, until he is a sickening sight, as bloody, battered and bruised he is hustled out into the open air, and a rope with a hangman's noose is placed around his neck. He stands upon the porch below and a dozen hands seize the rope.

"Give him a chance to have his say," cries a voice, and calmer reason succeeds the excited fury that had become contagious.

"I didn't do it, I didn't do it—don't kill me," pleads the man. It is all he can say for the moment as he sees the sea of faces around him and not a friendly or pitying look in one of them.

The mob had now become somewhat quieted, but by this time everybody was aware that he had made a confession, and his protestations of innocence fell on deaf ears.

"String him up!" yelled a large, heavy man with a big slouch hat.

Grandstaff pleaded for mercy. He became almost incoherent in his appeals, but the temper of the crowd was for a short shrift and a speedy hanging, and with the halter around his neck, the man was dragged beneath an oak within the courthouse yard. It is the work of a moment to get the other end of a rope over the first stout branch, and all is ready to swing the young murderer into eternity.

"Pull!"—the rope is taut, the man dangles from the tree, and a hoarse murmur sweeps through the crowd. Almost immediately the executioners let him down again. They want to hear his confession before he strangles. Grandstaff appears to be dead, but he soon revives.

"Will you confess?"

He answers by a shake of the head, and up he goes again and down almost as soon again. This treatment loosens his tongue, and in a voice that can be heard only by those nearest him he makes his confession at last. He says that he, Frank and Elisha Carey planned to do this murder, and that they had the deed accomplished before he arrived at the house.

Although all cannot hear what he says, it takes but a moment for one to repeat it to the other, and an incredulous murmur runs through the crowd as they learn his version of the crime and how he seeks to implicate others.

"What shall we do with him?" calls out a deep voice from beside the trembling wretch. The answer comes from a hundred throats in chorus:

"String him up."

Again the executioners follow the command. Again the body dangles from the branch. A shudder seizes the frame of the pinioned man, the death struggle of strangulation, and Andrew Grandstaff is dead.

It is now half-past two o'clock. The crowd has dispersed. The body still hangs from the branch of the oak tree, and it will not be cut down till daylight.

The murderer, Andrew Grandstaff, is a young man twenty-four years of age. He was born in this country, in the town of Franklin, of illegitimate parentage. He is ignorant and can neither read nor write. He is of daring temperament, but has never been considered desperate or depraved enough to commit such an atrocious murder. He is 5 feet 10 inches high and weighs 170 pounds. He has run a mill most of his life, and his associates have been bad; still he has always had many friends, although he has been connected with numerous bad scrapes in years past up and down the Kickapoo river, where he has been much employed in rafting. In February last, during a school meeting at Kickapoo Centre, he engaged in a row, and was shot in the bowels by Dick Osborne. A robust constitution and general cussedness saved his life. He shows no signs of fear, eats heartily, sleeps well and smokes just as if nothing had happened.

The parents of the murdered Dupee children are both reported in a critical condition. The mother was at the point of confinement, and it is feared she has become so distracted that she cannot survive. The father is nearly, if not quite, insane.

Grandstaff's father is a brother of Jonah Love, who is now serving a sentence at Waupun for the murder of Ole Olson at a dancing party a couple of years ago. His mother is dead.

There has been no lynching in Wisconsin since 1884, when, in the heat of the campaign, Frank Burton, of La Crosse, was shot dead by a river desperado while marching at the head of a Blaine and Logan torchlight procession, and the murderer was hanged to a tree in the court house park. The hanging of one of the Williams desperadoes at Durand for the murder of Sheriff Coleman, eight years ago, was the next recent lynching of the dozen affairs of this kind that have occurred in Wisconsin.

CLERICAL LOVERS FIGHT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

An episode, says a special from Eau Claire, Wis., has just leaked out which is affording unlimited food for gossip in society circles. It appears that two very popular young clergymen, both bachelors, one residing at Menomonie and the other at Chippewa Falls, had been for some time very attentive to a highly-esteemed young lady of Menomonie, who was the organist of a leading church and is the daughter of a gentleman connected with a large manufacturing corporation. The Chippewa Falls clergyman paid frequent visits to Menomonie, his Menomonie brother in the cloth supposing for a long time these visits were made to see him. The denouement came, however, when the young lady was observed to be wearing a handsome engagement ring, and it came out that the Chippewa Falls clergyman had proposed and been accepted. The Menomonie clergyman seems to have considered that all was not fair in love, and that his brother of the Falls had been proceeding too much upon the old maxim. After the engagement had been made known, the Chippewa Falls clergyman paid a friendly visit to his Menomonie brother, but was icily received. Hot words followed, resulting in a square knock-down.

IT WAS NIP AND TUCK.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

On Friday evening Lee Pope, a wealthy young stockman, quarreled with Juan Roscasas, a saloon-keeper at Laredo, Tex., and each opened fire with revolvers. Pope received a bullet through the heart, dying instantly. Roscasas was hit in the bowels and lungs and died later.



THE INDIGNANT POPULACE STRIKE TERROR TO THE MURDERER'S HEART.

of the door with the heavy stick he carried in his hand.

"Give up the murderer," "Bring out the bloody wretch," "Grandstaff," shouted a score or more voices.

Entreaty on the part of the sheriff to let the law take its course was of no avail, and when he refused point blank to give up the prisoner half a hundred men pressed upon the entrance to the jail. Under their blows the barriers soon gave way. In surged the mob. Had the foremost been timid in entering, the press from behind would have pushed them into the building. By this time the men had become thoroughly ex-

blows reverberate through the dimly-lighted cell room, and still they see their efforts frustrated. They attack the bars with redoubled vigor and determination. Ten minutes more, twenty, it is an hour since the jail was stormed. A hoarse cry of satisfaction on greets the fall of the cage door as it falls with a clang, and a dozen men are at the threshold ready to seize the prisoner and hustle him into the midst of the crowd that fills the apartment from end to the other.

The fall of the last barricade that divides him and the retainers of Judge Lynch seems to nerve the prisoner, or at least to drive him into a frenzy of desperation.



LYNCHERS EXTORTING A CONFESSION FROM THEIR VICTIM.

cited. While one contingent was overpowering the officials, the others swarmed up into the cell room.

"Here he is," shouted a hoarse voice, as he espied the blanched face of the prisoner.

Instantly hundreds of men are crowding toward the cell. It is a steel cage in the upper cell room. The prisoner sees the stern faces of the men, some of vil-

lagers and farmers, whose features are familiar to him in all but the intensity of the meaning with which they look at him. The coward in him comes to the front—this man who had calmly slept after his brutal

atmosphere. With a bound he is on his feet, and he rushes to the entrance as though to beat back his enemies by the sheer fury of his onslaught. It is all useless—he is outnumbered. But he fights with the fury of a tiger. Before he is conquered he has snatched a club from



THE "GOVERNOR" TUMBLED.

MAYOR SECOR OF RACINE, WIS., WHILE ATTENDING A CIRCUS FALLS BACKWARD FROM HIS SEAT AND NARROWLY ESCAPES A TERRIBLE DEATH.



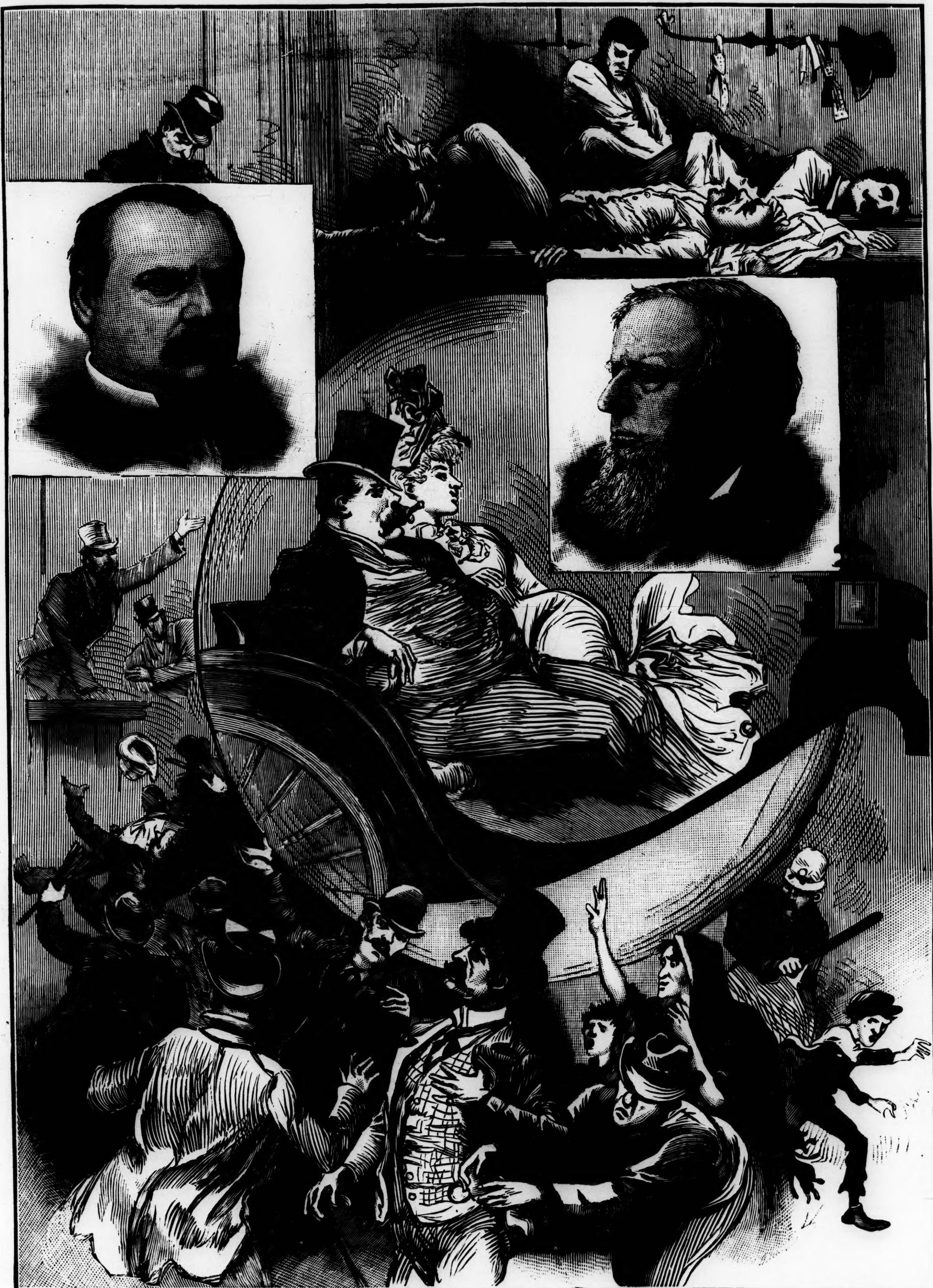
THE OLD, OLD STORY.

A PARTY OF EXCURSIONISTS ON THE WHITE RIVER, NEAR SPENCER, IND., LOSE THEIR LIVES BY THE UPSETTING OF A BOAT.



CELEBRATED THE CITY'S BIRTHDAY.

HOW A GRAND CARNIVAL OF FUN AT ITHACA, N. Y., WAS BROKEN UP BY A HITCH BETWEEN STUDENTS OF CORNELL COLLEGE AND SOME GAY YOUNG SPORTS OF THE TOWN.



THE "BOYS" AT ST. LOUIS.

GAY TIMES OF THE DELEGATES AT THE RECENT DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION WHICH NOMINATED THE
CLEVELAND AND THURMAN TICKET.

PUGILISTIC.

Killen's Alleged Funny Business in Connection with His Match with Conley.

WAS HE BLUFFING?

Tom Cleary and Young Mitchell are to meet to a finish for a \$1,200 purse at San Francisco on June 26.

J. W. Wright, of Minneapolis, writes that "Billy" Lynn has been appointed teacher of boxing of the Minneapolis Athletic Club.

Billy Hawkins and Bates, of Winnipeg, have signed articles to meet to a finish for \$1,000 a side. The contest is to take place near Minneapolis within a fortnight.

Jack Dempsey, the California light-weight, has arrived in Chicago and announced that he is anxious to fight Billy Myers, of Streator, Ill., at 133 pounds for a purse. Myers refuses to meet him for a purse, or less than \$1,000 a side.

Last week James Keenan of Boston received a dispatch from the California Athletic Club, which said that the club would give a purse of \$2,000 for George Godfrey to meet Peter Jackson, the Australian colored champion, and allow him expenses to San Francisco. Godfrey said he would have to consult his wife.

At Rockville, Conn., on June 3, a two-ounce glove contest between Tommy Danforth and Patsy Howard, the lightweights, was broken up by the police. A party of 100 sporting men from New York, Boston and neighboring cities, which left Rockville in carriages at midnight, was followed by thirteen officers to Hamden, Mass., where 100 men were found in a barn waiting for the pugilists. Before the Massachusetts police could be summoned the crowd disappeared.

Joseph South, of San Francisco, arrived in this city from Boston and made a call at this office. South journeyed to Boston to match McAuliffe against Joe Lannon for \$2,000 a side and allow him expenses to meet in Frisco. South posted \$250 forfeit in Boston, but the Lannon party did not cover the money. Lannon offered to meet half way, but that would not suit, and the match fell through. South is an old New Yorker, but he has been living on the Pacific Coast for sixteen years, and keeps a sporting house in Folsom street, San Francisco.

In the rooms of the Athletic Club, Cincinnati, on June 1, there was a slashing mill, according to "Police Gazette" rules, between Tommy Miller, of Omaha, a feather-weight, and Lewis Brezzina. The fight was for a purse of \$250, offered by the club. For three rounds they pummeled each other. Miller was bleeding from the nose and mouth. His eyes were black and he was in very bad shape when time was called for the fourth round. In this round Miller made a hearty effort to win. He rushed at his opponent, but he was met with a terrific left-hand in the mouth. At the same time the Cincinnati boy swung his right and landed on Miller's neck. The latter went down in a heap. He lay there and was unable to respond to the call of time. Brezzina was declared the winner. Miller was so completely put to sleep that nearly fifteen minutes elapsed before he came to.

There was a glove fight between Peter Nolan, of Cincinnati, and Mike Cleary, of New York, at Louisville, Ky., on June 5. The conditions were Queen's rules, ten rounds, for \$500 a side. Four-ounce gloves were used. The fight was really settled in the first round, when Cleary made a savage dig at Nolan's stomach and landed on his stout breastbone, dislocating his wrist. Cleary had no use of his right after that. Cleary had already drawn first blood from Nolan's mouth and nose. He had got in also several sounding rib blows, taking Nolan's wind. At the close, his mishap not being known, he was favorite in the betting by 5 to 1. It was tame then until the sixth round, when Nolan, who had been shy and slightly winded, brightened up and gave Cleary half a dozen rousing blows. One on the right eye closed it, and another on the neck was dazzling. But Cleary got back on Nolan's mouth and jaw. It was then sparring for an opening till the closing round, when both showed vim. In breaking away from succeeding clinches Nolan got in a blow on the neck and a rap with his head in Cleary's ear which sent the latter tottering to his corner. He turned and put up his hands, but at that moment time was called. The crowd rushed in and a fight was imminent, when the police interfered. Cleary's friends claimed a foul, and Nolan's that time was not up and that Nolan could finish Cleary. The fight was a draw, and the fighters barely got their expenses paid. Cleary injured his hand.

The long-pending prize fight between Jack Nugent and Brock O'Neill, the latter hailing from San Diego, and the former from England, was decided on May 28. It was a rattling good mill, and will tend greatly to strengthen sports of this character in the El Paso of the Pacific. The National City and Otay railroad carried 2,200 people to Tia Juana during the day. The incidents preceding the fight were fully as interesting as the fight itself, and a Zola might have found ample material for his pen in the mud assembly. The original arrangements were that the fight should take place in the American town of Tia Juana, to which end a ring was built alongside a large tent used as a dance hall. This ring was surrounded by canvas, and the scheme was to admit the spectators to the tent and then raise the side facing the ring, the object being to prevent a crush and to make sure of securing the nimble dollars. The scheme worked all right until those in the tent discovered where the ring was located. Then a rush was made for it, pell-mell, and everything—tents, benches, chairs and ropes and platform—was forced to give way before it. No sooner had order been restored, than two of Constable Russell's men made their appearance and "in the name and by the authority of law," forbade it to take place. The jurisdiction of the constables was questioned, resulting in hard words, and finally in blows and a generally disgraceful muddle, breaking up all prospects of the fight taking place on American soil. A hurried consultation of the managers was followed by a general rush for the bull-pen over the fence. Here a ring was erected on the north side of the amphitheatre. The men were in the ring, the vast concourse advantageously placed, the time-keepers, the backers, the seconds and the referees all in position and everything ready for the "word," when a squad of Mexican soldiers came up from the Custom House, in double-time, cleared the bull-pen of all its occupants and commanded that the fight should not take place until "the Judge" would put in his appearance and decide whether the ring was on Mexican soil. "The Judge" did not come, but his representative did; then a collection of \$600 was taken up, the patrons of the prize ring were told they could resume their places, and the referee introduced the gladiators. Brock O'Neill wore red colors and Nugent green. O'Neill stripped at 130 pounds and Nugent at 144, though the latter looked somewhat heavier, showing the superior condition of O'Neill. Nugent did not, apparently, have as many friends in the crowd as O'Neill, and appeared a trifle nervous. O'Neill was as cool and composed as an iceberg. Only three rounds were fought. In the third the spectators were worked to an intense pitch of excitement, and the brutal work was watched with bated breath. In the outset Nugent got in some telling blows on O'Neill's mouth, causing a stream of blood to flow down his body, making a crimson line to his feet. Nugent showed the effects of O'Neill's in-fighting, while Brock was apparently quite fresh. Nugent, however, showed much pluck and spritely met every advance, until in the second minute of the round O'Neill planted a right-hander on his neck, which laid him out under the ropes. His seconds stood by him bravely, but he was raised only to lie down in the middle of the ring in an unconscious condition. It took some minutes to bring him to consciousness, and the fight was awarded to Brock, who had honestly won it.

A correspondent of the London "Sporting Life" sends the following interesting squib concerning Jake Kilrain, the American champion. Recently there was quite a scene on

the Thames embankment, near Blackfriar's Bridge, London. Big Ben was tolling in its massive lofty tower that it was midnight, and a powerful, muscular-looking coal heaver, who had just been turned out of one of the low public houses in the vicinity at the solicitation of his wife, was chastising the latter in a brutal manner, urged on from the effects of the half-and-half or the old Tom gin he had been imbibing. There was no policeman near, and the crowd who had been attracted to the scene did not have the courage to interfere, knowing that they would not be able to cope with the burly coal heaver. The woman begged and reasoned with her drunken better half to induce him to go home with her, only to receive a vicious blow or be dragged by the hair. A scream uttered by the woman attracted the attention of two well-dressed gentlemen who were making a short cut in a dog cart to Charing Cross. The tall man said to his companion:

"Hold up the horse while I stop that fellow from beating that woman."

"Never mind," replied the other; "do not interfere."

"Yes, I will," replied the tall man, and pulling on the reins until the horse stopped, he jumped from the trap, and pushing through the crowd, continued, "What kind of people are you, to see that fellow abusing that woman? Why don't you go for a policeman?"

At this juncture the woman had received another blow, and she said, somewhat despairingly casting an appealing glance toward the bystanders, "Don't strike me again, Bill; I will leave you."

The tall stranger stepped up to the coal heaver and said, "You must not beat that woman. You should be ashamed of yourself."

"He is my husband," the helpless creature replied, as the tears ran down her cheeks, "and he has been drinking. I am trying to coax him up to Lambeth, where we live, but he won't come, and I am afraid he will be locked up."

"What right has a jester like you to interfere?" the coal heaver retorted, turning toward the tall stranger. "You may be a D., but I will give you a hiding for your cheek. If I want to lick my wife, I'll do it."

At the same instant he made an attempt to strike the stranger, and a regular hand-to-hand fight ensued. The coal heaver proved that he had been taking lessons from Bobby Abbington or Ned Donnelly by the way he fought. The fight only lasted a minute, for the stranger appeared to know all the rudiments of the art of self-defense, and by a straight left-hander on the coal heaver's jaw, followed by a tremendous right-hand blow on the coal heaver's left ear, the latter was knocked down, and he lay there like a log.

During the impromptu mill, two of the coal heaver's pals had been attracted to the scene, and taking in the situation, one of them said: "Who's has been hiding Bill Tees?"

"I found him beating this woman in a shameful way," the stranger replied, "and tried to stop him. He tried to do the same with me."

The party to whom the conversation was addressed turned to his pal and remarked:

"This club fellow has knocked the head nearly off of Bill Tees. Let us give him a thrashing."

He had hardly ceased speaking when both men rushed at the tall stranger, who knocked the nearest one down and then sent the other sprawling, when his partner, who had been sitting in the dog-cart, quietly watching the fracas, drove closer, remarking:

"Jake, you have got in a fine mess. Here comes the police. Hurry up," and the next instant the tall stranger jumped into the trap, when one of the crowd said, "Why, that is Jake Kilrain, the American champion."

"Yes," said another, "and that's Charley Mitchell driving with him."

"And do you know," put in another, "he's the bloke what fought Smith for the 'Police Gazette' diamond belt?"

The following explains itself:

ASHLAND, Wis., June 6, 1888.

TO THE SPORTING EDITOR.—Sir: On October 14, 1887, it was publicly announced in your paper that Pat Killen would challenge the winner of the contest then pending between Frank Glover and John P. Clow, and in the event of this challenge not being accepted, he would extend the date to include any man in the Northwest. Kilren seeing this announcement, went to Minneapolis purposely to accept Killen's challenge if not taken up by the others. As you well remember, immediately after the Glover-Clow contest was declared a draw, Killen challenged either Clow, Glover or Cardifl, but which was not accepted. Next morning, Conley reading the account of the affair in the "Pioneer Press," was surprised to see his name included in the challenge, and thinking that the reporter had taken unwarranted liberty with his name, went to the office of the paper in company with one of Ashland's most prominent business and sporting men, and on demanding why they had included his name, as Killen had not mentioned it the night before, was shown by the editor the slip of paper sent to him by Killen during the night, presumptively when he thought Conley had gone to Ashland. Conley was surprised at the method of doing business, as were also the newspaper men, but attributed it to Killen's ignorance of professional etiquette.

Conley had no use of his right after that. Cleary had already drawn first blood from Killen's mouth and nose. He had got in also several sounding rib blows, taking Killen's wind. At the close, his mishap not being known, he was favorite in the betting by 5 to 1. It was tame then until the sixth round, when Killen, who had been shy and slightly winded, brightened up and gave Cleary half a dozen rousing blows. One on the right eye closed it, and another on the neck was dazzling. But Cleary got back on Killen's mouth and jaw. It was then sparring for an opening till the closing round, when both showed vim. In breaking away from succeeding clinches Killen got in a blow on the neck and a rap with his head in Cleary's ear which sent the latter tottering to his corner. He turned and put up his hands, but at that moment time was called. The crowd rushed in and a fight was imminent, when the police interfered. Cleary's friends claimed a foul, and Killen's that time was not up and that Killen could finish Cleary. The fight was a draw, and the fighters barely got their expenses paid. Cleary injured his hand.

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The following explains itself:

ASHLAND, Wis., June 6, 1888.

TO THE SPORTING EDITOR.—Sir: On October 14, 1887, it was publicly announced in your paper that Pat Killen would challenge the winner of the contest then pending between Frank Glover and John P. Clow, and in the event of this challenge not being accepted, he would extend the date to include any man in the Northwest. Kilren seeing this announcement, went to Minneapolis purposely to accept Killen's challenge if not taken up by the others. As you well remember, immediately after the Glover-Clow contest was declared a draw, Killen challenged either Clow, Glover or Cardifl, but which was not accepted. Next morning, Conley reading the account of the affair in the "Pioneer Press," was surprised to see his name included in the challenge, and thinking that the reporter had taken unwarranted liberty with his name, went to the office of the paper in company with one of Ashland's most prominent business and sporting men, and on demanding why they had included his name, as Killen had not mentioned it the night before, was shown by the editor the slip of paper sent to him by Killen during the night, presumptively when he thought Conley had gone to Ashland. Conley was surprised at the method of doing business, as were also the newspaper men, but attributed it to Killen's ignorance of professional etiquette.

Conley had no use of his right after that. Cleary had already drawn first blood from Killen's mouth and nose. He had got in also several sounding rib blows, taking Killen's wind. At the close, his mishap not being known, he was favorite in the betting by 5 to 1. It was tame then until the sixth round, when Killen, who had been shy and slightly winded, brightened up and gave Cleary half a dozen rousing blows. One on the right eye closed it, and another on the neck was dazzling. But Cleary got back on Killen's mouth and jaw. It was then sparring for an opening till the closing round, when both showed vim. In breaking away from succeeding clin

REFeree.

Teemer as Compared with Beach, Kemp, Hanlan and Gaudaur.

WHAT HAMM SAYS ABOUT IT.

The wretched fiasco of the testimonial benefit to the great boxer, Sullivan, fairly opened the eyes of those who, in spite of his series of disasters with Cardiff and Mitchell, together with his failure to meet Kilrain or Smith, still stood by him.

* * *

The few people who attended the benefit in the Academy of Music proved conclusively that the masses of the sporting element in this city no longer look upon Sullivan as a shining star, but as a comet that has blazed forth for a period, only to be outshone by the brilliancy it once displayed in the starry firmament.

* * *

Sullivan was a comet in the pugilistic firmament, but he has lost his brilliancy, and other comets have appeared, and completely thrown in the shade the Sullivan pugilistic system.

* * *

It now appears that Jack Baldock was bribed to make the Sullivan and Mitchell fight in France a draw when Mitchell had Sullivan whipped. Many will ask the question, "Why?"

* * *

I should answer, because the statements made by E. C. Holske and endorsed later by Detective Beck have appeared in the sporting papers in England, and, although several weeks have elapsed, the statements made have not been denied by either Baldock or anyone else.

* * *

If the statements made by Messrs. Holske and Beck were not true, they would have been denied, and, therefore, it must be taken for granted that on March 10 Charles Mitchell did meet John L. Sullivan, the ex-champion of America, in a prize ring encounter, according to London prize ring rules, and the said Charles Mitchell did fight the once great John L. to a stand-still, proving the latter was a poor specimen of a prize ring champion, and the aforesaid John L. Sullivan was beaten; but one of Mitchell's attendants, for the sum of \$250 or \$750, did, by trick, device and cunning, save the once mighty Sullivan from an inglorious defeat, though not from disgrace.

* * *

No wonder a Chicago sporting paper says: "The Sullivan benefit at Boston was little better than a swindle. Sullivan refused to spar Godfrey, La Blanche was very drunk, and Phillips skipped with the money. Hooray! Set 'em up again!"

* * *

And even the fourth-class pugilists now offer to meet the once renowned Boston boy, and we may say that George Godfrey, the colored pugilist, still expresses a willingness to box him 8 or 10 rounds or to a finish.

* * *

"Pendragon" says: "John L. Sullivan and his deputy-assistant bill sticker, Squirmur Holeke, have fallen out, and J. L. S. and Phillips are at feud, and Barnett, who is as big as Ned Donnelly, and Holske, who is the same size as Joe Scott, are going to fight; and Phillips declares that he bought a draw of Mitchell for Sullivan, whatever that singular deal may be—we could understand the purchase in the plural, as, for instance, a brace or a pair—and Sullivan won't fight niggers, not being so black himself as painted, and—O d—Sullivan—which I mean—tells Sullivan and Sheedy talk of coming to England starting again."

* * *

The O d—dropped in quite accidentally, but it was bound to drop somewhere in this connection. If I had not by chance said O d—Sullivan, Mr. "Pendragon" would, for that highly improper expression gives his sentiments on Sullivan, all his works and those who make paragraphs about him. Fear of being O d—d, too, may perhaps excuse the linked style of composition of the foregoing. I knew what would come if I made such para, so dodged the penalty by getting all the Sullivan into a single sentence."

* * *

Alec Roberts and Jim Hayes' knuckle fight and the glove ditto between Roberts' stable companion, Dave Burke, and W. Reader in England are samples of the right and wrong sorts of pugilistic encounters. The former pair fought out to the bitter end, free from interruption. Reader was robbed of a victory he fairly earned by the other side's corner cutting the ropes and barneying in the ring.

* * *

Considering that this sort of interference is always brought in to save an evidently worsted competitor, it is somewhat strange that means are not found to stop the practice by disqualifying the boxer in whose interest it is engineered. Two gamier, more honest fighters than Roberts and Hayes could not be found. The winner was remarkably well trained, and, judging from appearances, must have benefited by his bad leg rather than gone back through it.

* * *

I think the Rev. Dr. Boardman, of Philadelphia, should be elected an honorary member of one of the prominent athletic clubs, for in a recent lecture before the merchants and business men of the Quaker city he indorsed athletic exercises, and stated that athletic exercises were absolutely necessary and essential.

* * *

"Every merchant knows," says the Rev. Dr. Boardman, "the relief derived from a summer's vacation in the country or to the seashore. You return from these rambles not simply with improved health, but with a sensible increase of mental activity and energy. Fresh air and exercise have done their share of this, but they have not done it all. Instead of looking forever at ledgers and counters and shelves of goods and packing boxes and drays, you have been looking upon the green fields and the ocean. The secret of this is that you have thrown off for a while the drag chain of business, and given mind and body a holiday. New objects have called dormant powers into exercise. The indomitable trade spirit has been mitigated by a large development of the social sympathies. Taste and imagination have begun to flutter their pinions, and you have returned to your counting-rooms with broader views of life and a juster consciousness of your powers than you had before you took this vacation. It is a common remark for foreigners who land in our cities that our young men look fit for nothing but to stand behind counters and sell laces and ribbons, and our merchants and bankers as though they knew of no exercise but that of going to and from their places of business, and knew of no recreations but hot suppers and late hours at theatres and parties. But as out-door recreations are coming more and more into fashion of late years, this remark does not apply with the same force as formerly, though it applies with much force in only too many instances even yet. Even in the rural districts the young men when released from labor too often look for recreation in the cities. That this is a fatal mistake our mortality reports will only too often prove beyond a doubt. Almost any one of our weekly papers will show a fearful list of sudden deaths, the result of a too close attention to business and the want of healthful, open-air athletic exercise." These are good words, nobly spoken.

* * *

The Clark stake is a race for the same aged colts as the Kentucky Derby, and as it is the case nearly every year that about the same are entered in it as in the Derby, it has always been looked on as a second running of the Derby.

* * *

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It is a peculiar circumstance that six times out of fourteen the stake has been won by the colt second in the Derby. Falsetto was the first defeated favorite in the Derby to win the Clark. Four years later Runnymede, second to Apollo in the Derby, captured it. The next year Ascender, unplaced to Leonatus, won it. Two years later Bersan, beaten by Joe Cotton in the Derby, beat the Derby winner for the Clark. Then came Blue Wing, second to Ben Ali; Jim Gore, second to Montrose, and Gallifet, second to Macbeth II. Mr. Barnes' luck in having a second in the Derby, once with Blue Wing and again with Gallifet, and both times winning the Clark stake with the beaten horses, has given turfmen a chance to talk about the uncertainty of horse racing. Mr. Barnes has not much to complain of, however, as the Clark stake is rich enough to furnish a very substantial consolation for having lost a Derby.

Macon, in the N. Y. "Sun," says: "The announcement that the big Californian and Mike C. Conley have been matched for \$5,000 a side and a purse of \$2,000 must be taken, I opine, cum grano salis. Nay, I venture to say, with a peck rather than a grain of salt, as to the amount of stake. Conley's fortunes must have improved greatly since he took up his residence in Wisconsin to enable him to find backing to the amount of \$2,000. I am rather inclined to think that the purse of \$2,000 and the gate money will be the real prizes. However that may be, I only hope that the contest may be up and up, that there may be a fair field and no favor, and that the best man may win. Despite McAuliffe's superior height, reach and weight, I think Conley ought to be the victor—that is, if he does not lose his temper and foul his man. There is no man in the ring to-day who has his strength, and he is by far the best fighter of all the big ones. In fact, he is a very poor fighter at long range. Kilrain might be able to smash him on the jaw with the right as he came in, and so dole him that he would fall an easy victim to him, but I am sure he cannot defeat him if he once gets past the third round without being staggered in the manner indicated. McAuliffe is reported to be a trifle slow, and if this is the case he will not be able to keep Conley away from him, and once in close quarters Joe is likely to find him as troublesome as a nest of hornets."

* * *

I do not agree with Macon, for I have it on the best authority that Conley and McAuliffe are to battle for \$7,000 all told.

* * *

In England a great deal has been written about Joe Scott's board tramping. Among others, I have expressed an opinion on the subject, said deliverance being that all performances on boardered tracks count for nothing at all intrinsically, though good enough as giving a sort of line. Whatever estimate we may have held of the New Zealander, there will not be opening for cavil at his merits now. No valid reason existed why a man who can do well on bare boards should not do equally well on a well-prepared track of the sort with which we are familiar, though there are plenty why the converse need not be demonstrated. So far as I have heard, the new and improved method worked better than the old, and, what is more, saved expense to the promoter of the show, who seems fated to meet bad luck.

* * *

Albert H. Hamm is a first-class oarsman, but he requires a little more grit. His only failing is when pushed in a race. He rolls in his shell and appears to lack quantity if not quality, but it is just possible he may overcome this failing in the course of time.

* * *

Hamm thinks John Teemer, the holder of the "Police Gazette" champion challenge cup, is a wonder. Recently he was asked:

"How do you rate Teemer now—and by this is meant compared with Beach, Kemp, Hanlan and Gaudaur?"

"Teemer is better than either of them."

"Upon what basis do you come to your conclusions?"

"I place my judgment of Teemer against Beach by the Gaudaur-Beach race in England. You know I trained Gaudaur for that race; know just what he could row three miles in, and know just what Jake's condition was, also Beach's. I saw the race from start to finish, and Beach was only a shade better than Gaudaur in that race, and Gaudaur was not in his best form. In the Hanlan-Teemer race at Toronto last year, John Hanlan, but he was not boated well. Prior to going to Toronto he rowed in a shell that just fitted him, and was rigged to suit him. He rowed a fast trial on Geneva lake and did well enough. After he arrived at Toronto he cast his old boat aside and took a new one, not rigged as good as the old one, neither did it fit him so well, and he was not at home in it. He only rowed in it three times before the race. John was not as fast by some seconds as in the old boat, still he was fast enough to get away from Hanlan at any time. Now, Beach could never have beaten Hanlan as Teemer did in that race under the same circumstances."

* * *

"How do you compare Beach and Teemer—that is, if both were up to their proper forms?"

"Teemer can beat any man in the world, and is to-day 10 boat lengths faster than Beach ever was over a 3-mile course. As to Kemp, Teemer is a better man, and I am in hopes that he will be induced to come to San Francisco to meet John."

"What makes you think Teemer can beat Kemp?"

"Because Teemer has shown up during the last twelve months so fast."

* * *

"There is a rumor going the rounds that O'Connor, of Toronto, is a dark horse, and can beat Hanlan. What is your opinion?"

"Hanlan is the better man, and I have reason to know that O'Connor is a good man."

"Then you think Teemer is the fastest sculler to-day in the world?"

* * *

"I certainly do; and I hope John will get the chance to prove the correctness of my opinion. John will beat Gaudaur on Decoration day." Continuing, he said: "I wish the boys would get up a sweepstakes race, say, Ross, McKay, Lee, Hosmer, and as many others as wish, each man to put up \$100, and the whole purse to be divided. I'll start in such a race."

* * *

The action of the Manhattan Athletic Club in notifying its members that they should not compete in the Pastime Athletic Club games was unnecessary and uncalled for.

* * *

The Pastime club has always been one of the leading organizations of its kind, and was one of the charter members of the new athletic union. From its ranks were graduated such famous athletes as Harry Fredricks, F. L. Lambrecht, and J. E. Sullivan, and under the circumstances the action of the Manhattan Club was, to say the least, unfair to its own members. The only grounds for this action are that the games will be followed by dancing.

* * *

The Ladies Stakes at the American Jockey Club meeting on June 6 resulted in the success of the Dwyer Bros.—Filly Belle B., a full sister to Inspector B. Her success was surprising, as she has been coughing badly of late, and it was Mr. Phil Dwyer's intention to scratch her. But as Inspector B. himself was present it was finally decided to run her and ordered Jimmy McLaughlin to run her in the lead as long as she would stay there, but if she dropped back early in the race or at any time distress he was to save her all he could. Under the conditions she ran a good race, and it is safe to say that when thoroughly fit she will be a hard candidate for any three-year-old filly to beat and, barring accidents, a match for some of the colts in the autumn.

* * *

The Coney Island Jockey Club has sent out a dazzling programme for the spring meeting. The gold-tinted cover is illuminated with the triple nose-and-nose finish which has drawn immense throngs to the beautiful grounds at Sheepscot Bay for years past. The new three-quarters of a mile straight course, over which it is proposed to run the \$50,000 Futurity next fall, will be completed before the day of the race. It is now finished far enough beyond the head of the home-stretch to start horses in races of a mile and a half, so that they will have to make only one circuit of the regular track in a run of one mile and a half. The new track will be used at the coming meeting for this purpose, and the giants engaged in the

Bay Ridge Handicap, to be run on the third day of the meeting, will probably form the first field that will race over it. The handicap of the year, the Suburban, with all the cracks in the eighty-eight entries; the Swift stakes, for three-year-olds, with sixty-five entries, and the Foam stakes, for two-year-olds, with 104, are on the card of six races for the opening day.

* * *

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three months' trial subscription to the "Police Gazette."

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SULLIVAN'S FIASCO.

That Benefit of the Ex-Champion Was a Great 'Un.

WILL HE TRY AGAIN?

The testimonial benefit tendered to John L. Sullivan, the ex-champion of America, at the Academy of Music in this city on June 4, was a disastrous fiasco and one of the slimmest-attended affairs ever seen in New York.

It was managed by E. G. Gilmore, of Madison Square Garden fame and the lessee of Niblo's Theatre and the Academy. Hundreds of dollars were invested in wall-paper and printing, besides newspaper advertising, and in spite of the utmost efforts of the shrewd and liberal management, the affair was such a failure that there was not money enough taken in to pay the amount of gas used in the spacious theatre, let alone the printing and advertising bills.

At 8 P.M. there was not one hundred spectators in the house, and those present had been supplied with free bill board tickets. After the curtain rolled up there was not over three hundred persons present, and the manager remarked to a friend, "Sullivan is not a drawing card."

The friend replied, "Why, I told you, Ed, it was a mistake to bring Sullivan before the New York public, for, with the exception of a few liquor-saloon keepers who have benefited by his money, there would be no one come to see him."

Ed Gilmore—"You are correct. The show is a dismal failure. There will not be money enough in the house to pay the printing."

At this juncture a well-known lawyer joined the group in the vestibule of the Academy, and addressing Gilmore, said:

"I suppose you got a big house?"

Gilmore replied: "Yes; there is no standing room."

The lawyer looked in and cast his eye round the interior of the spacious building, and returning to the party, said:

"Why, there is not two hundred in the house. What is the matter?"

This brought forth the observation from Johnny Hanley, who was with the party:

"Why, Sullivan is no longer a card in this country, especially in New York. The fact is the sporting public have had too much of Sullivan."

Butch Adams—"Yes; I should say so. The expose in consequence of his match with Mitchell, who due him up in France, and his failure to fight Jake Kilrain and Jim Smith has killed him."

Frank Stevenson—"Well, Mitchell helped to do it, but when he refused to fight Jake Kilrain and made a kick against Richard Fox, the POLICE GAZETTE knocked his eye out. Jack Dempsey can draw a bigger crowd than Sullivan."

Such was the gist of the conversation at the testimonial benefit to John L. Sullivan, given under the auspices of the athletic clubs of New York at the Academy of Music on June 4. The athletic clubs of New York, by the way, had nothing to do with John L. Sullivan's benefit, and the announcement that he would have was only made to gull the public and give the impression that the affair would be a success.

The N. Y. World, June 5, gives the report of the affair under the caption:

SULLIVAN'S GLORY IS GONE.

BUT A FEW BEGGARLY HUNDREDS GREET HIM IN THE ACADEMY.

WHY, ALL NEW YORK USED TO POUR OUT TO DO HIM REVERENCE, AND NOW THE CROWD STAYS AT HOME AND WORSHIPS OTHER GODS—"FAREWELL, A LONG FAREWELL, TO ALL MY GREATNESS," HE SHOULD SAY.

Only four months ago John L. Sullivan could have filled the biggest hall in this town with thousands of people anxious and clamoring to pay \$5 apiece for the privilege of seeing him knock somebody out. Last evening he drew the slimmest house that the Academy of Music has had for several seasons. The occasion was styled on the programme as a "Testimonial tendered to the World's Champion, John L. Sullivan, by members of various Athletic Clubs." It is possible that these words could have been twisted into a semblance of truth, but the officers of the Manhattan and New York Athletic clubs were busy denying yesterday that they had anything whatever to do with the benefit. At all events it was a failure of the dreariest kind, and the show given was particularly uninteresting.

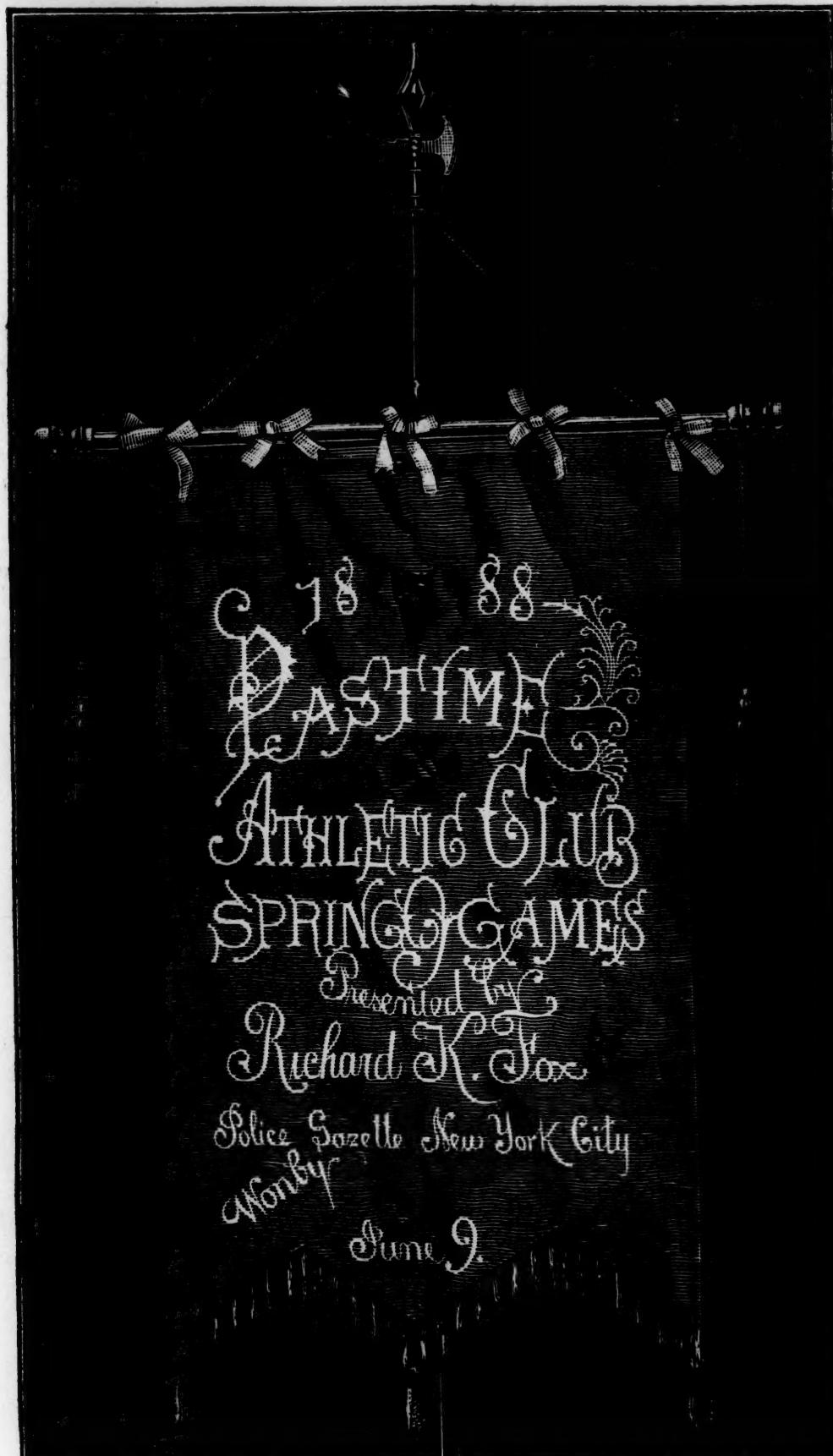
Not more than one hundred and fifty people were in the house at 8 o'clock, the time set down for the performance to begin. A few speculators, who found their tickets badly left on their hands, stood around in front of the Academy and besought people to buy \$5 seats for \$1. Even at that price they were a drug on the market. At last the management got tired of the dismal emptiness of the house and began to let people in at 50 cents a head and free. Under this stimulative treatment the crowd grew to between 450 and 550, but there it stuck. The champion of America had fought a draw and that number of people were all who could be drawn to see him in this great town where his admirers used to number hundreds of thousands.

A couple of pairs of variety men came out on the vast stage and twiddled their feet and recounted ancient jokes in a half-hearted way before the slim assemblage. Nobody paid much heed to them. Canny Jack Dempsey was announced as the master of ceremonies, but he wouldn't come within miles of the show. Old Steve O'Donnell acted in his stead and introduced the actors. In one of the lulls in the mad stream of gaiety that was filling the Academy a man walked to the footlights and hastily removed a black derby hat. Some people recognized him as John B. Doris, with whom the big fellow has recently gone into partnership. He said:

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I thank you one and all for the hearty reception—here you look sadly down at the orchestra—and I hope that every time I visit New York I will meet with your approbation. I didn't seek to look for a testimonial of this kind, on account of the hot weather being agin it and everything agin it. I appreciate the gratitude and good feeling that brought you here. I am not prepared to make a speech. I'm not used to speech-making. To tell you the truth, I'm a little bit nervous and I'm afraid my tongue will get lost in my mouth if I stay here much longer. Still I remain your sincere, warm and personal friend. John L. Sullivan."

After a long wait Steve O'Donnell introduced Mike Donovan

and John L., and they sparred three rounds. Mike was as lean and spry and clever as ever. The big fellow was fat and fubby. Many a man who had seen him at his best felt honestly sorry as he looked at him. He was stripped to the waist, and wore flesh colored trunks and light shoes. The effect was as if some one had yanked the shirt off an ordinary aiderman. The big, fat, heavy-faced face suggested it and the jelly-like corpulence carried out the similarity. He was big and burly, but it was



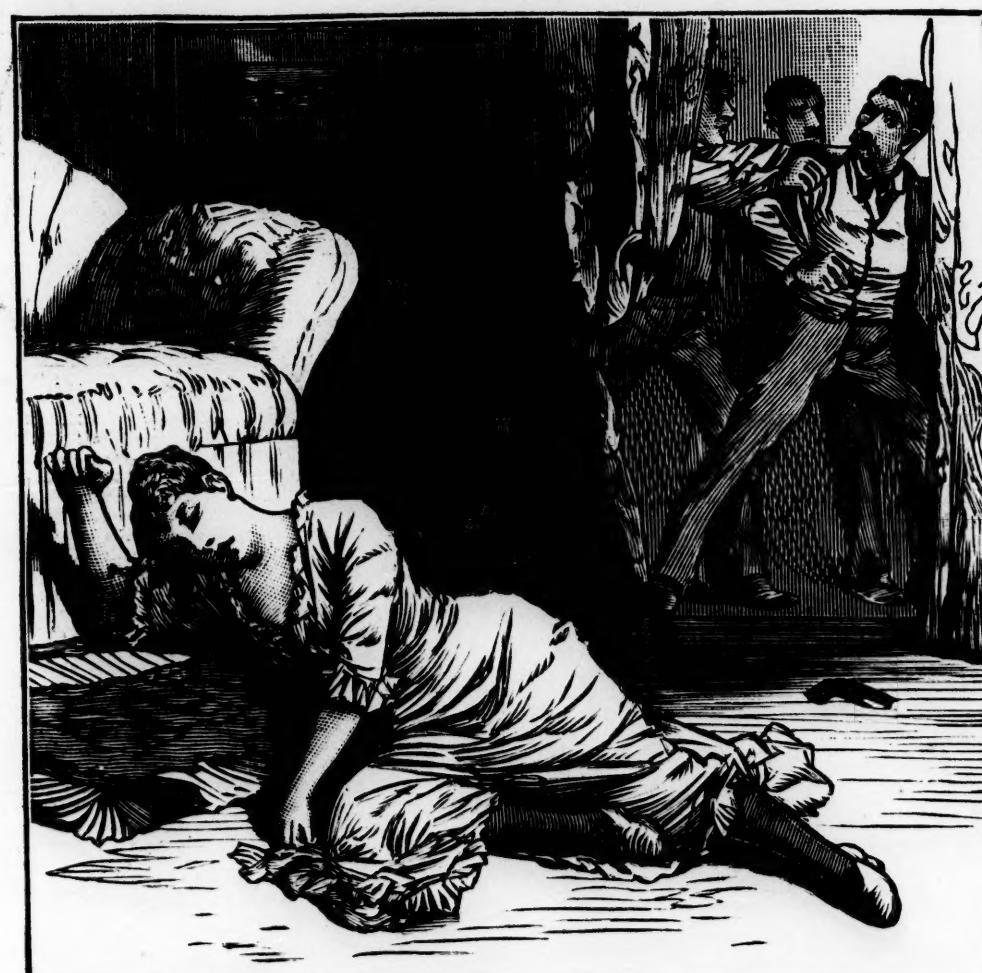
THE "POLICE GAZETTE" BANNER,
PRESENTED BY RICHARD K. FOX FOR COMPETITION AMONG ALL-ROUND ATHLETES
AND WON BY THE PASTIME ATHLETIC CLUB OF NEW YORK.



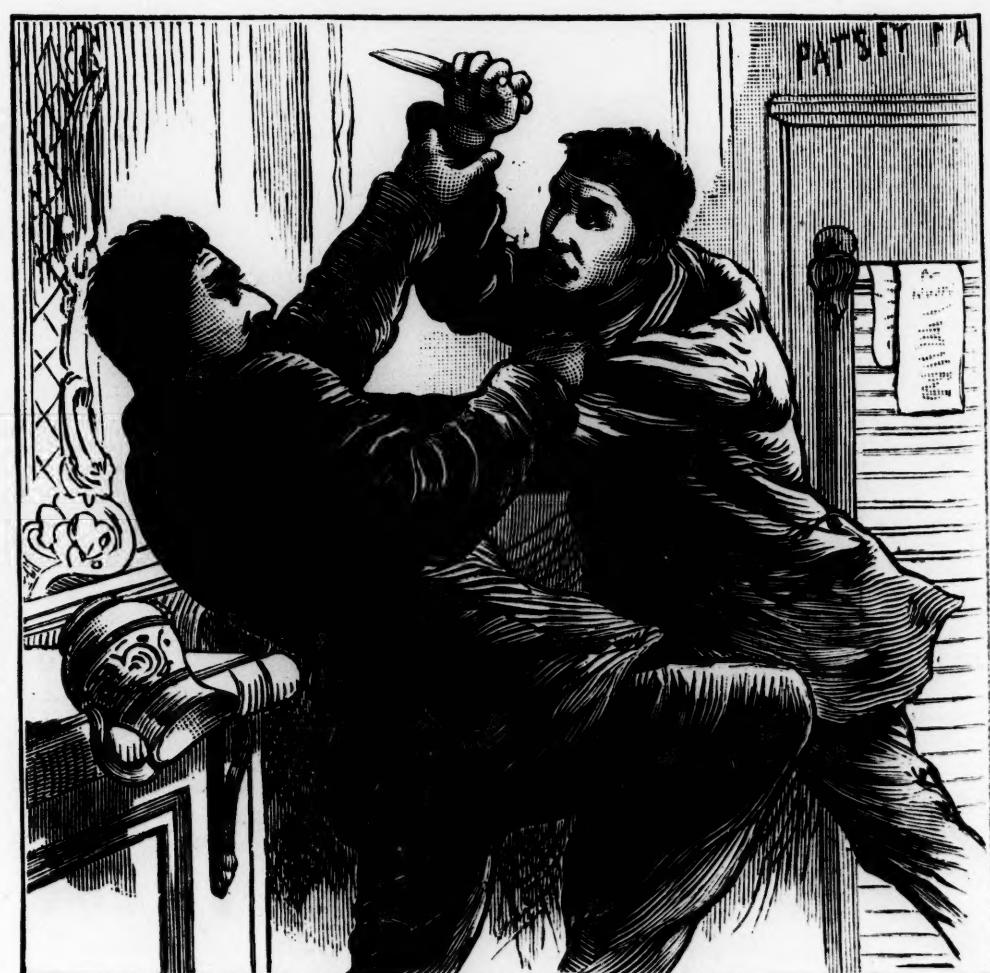
IT WAS NIP AND TUCK.
LEE POPE AND JUAN ROSELAS ENGAGE IN A DUEL AT LAREDO, TEXAS, WHICH
RESULTS FATALLY TO BOTH.



HIS LOSSES MADE HIM DESPERATE.
CHARLES HANSEN OF FARGO, D. T., MURDERS TWO OF HIS COMPANIONS IN A
DISPUTE OVER A GAME OF CARDS.



"I HAVE FIXED HER."
THAT IS WHAT JAMES DOBIE SAID AFTER HE HAD MURDERED HIS WIFE AT PULLMAN, ILL., THE OTHER DAY.

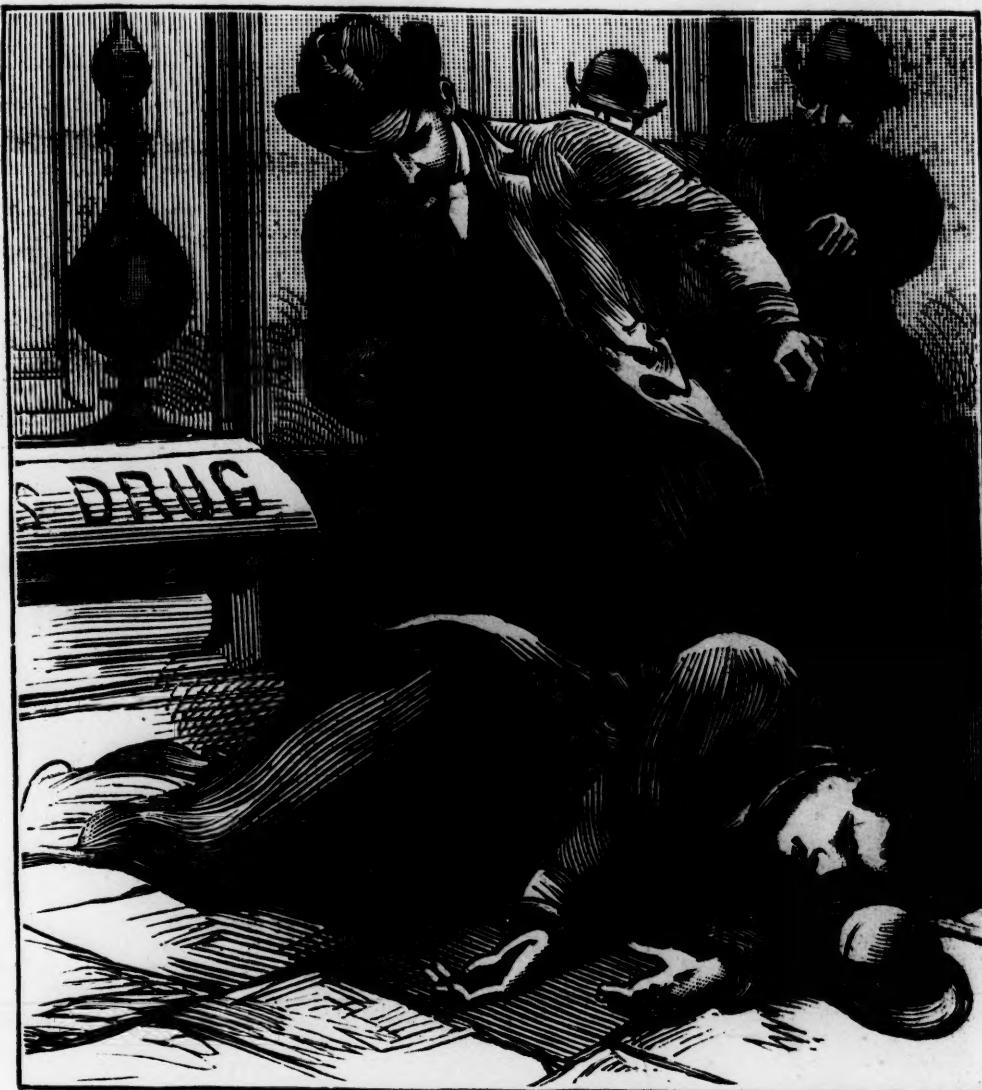


PATSY FALLON'S FIGHT FOR LIFE.
THE POPULAR SALOON-KEEPER OF OMAHA, NEB., HAS A ROUGH-AND-TUMBLE
TUSSLE WITH A WOULD-BE ASSASSIN.



DIED FOR HIS DOG.

TERRIBLE FATE OF JED VANCE AT PLATTSMOUTH, NEB., WHILE TRYING TO SAVE THE LIFE OF A FAVORITE PET.



FATAL RESULT OF A QUARREL.

ALEXANDER B. WHITE SHOOTS EX-GOVERNOR PORTER'S SON AT PARIS, TENN., AND THEN COOLLY SEES HIS VICTIM DIE.



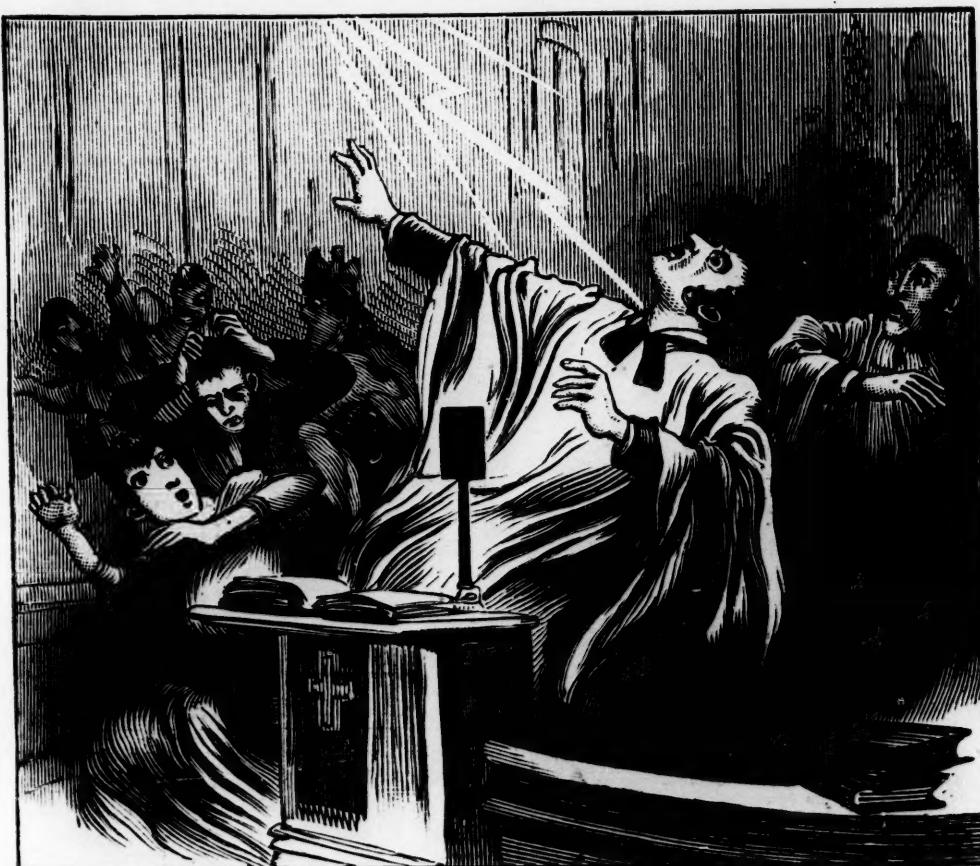
THEY RISKED THE CONSEQUENCES.

TWO CHIPPEWA FALLS, WIS., BEAUTIES STEAL A RIDE BEHIND A RUNAWAY HORSE AND GET BADLY SHAKEN UP.



THE DISGRACE WAS TOO MUCH.

MISS ADELL MENARD, OF MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., DROWNS HERSELF BECAUSE HER FATHER CHASTISED HER WITH A WHIP.



A BOLT FROM ABOVE.

LIGHTNING STRIKES A CHURCH NEAR TIFFIN, O., AND SCATTERS THE FRIGHTENED WORSHIPPERS BESIDES LAYING THE PREACHER OUT.



A JEALOUS MAN'S DOUBLE CRIME.

WILLIAM MILLER FINDS HIS FAITHLESS WIFE AND HER PARAMOUR TOGETHER AND KILLS THEM BOTH AT BRUNSWICK, MO.

EX-SECRETARY WHEATLEY,
Of the American Jockey Club,
One of the Most Popular of
Our Racing Officials.



Charles Wheatley.

The ex-secretary of the American Jockey Club, has been connected with turf events for the past twenty-five years, during which time he has done probably more than any other one man in bringing racing up to its present standard. As a handicapper and starter Mr. Wheatley has few equals. With age his popularity has increased, and turfmen of all grades and shades respect and admire him for his steadfast integrity.

[We will be obliged to our numerous correspondents throughout the country if they will send us the portraits of prominent jockeys, amateur athletes, or owners of well-known trotting horses for publication in this column.]

ENTOMBED ALIVE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.] A cave-in occurred at the St. Lawrence copper mine near Butte, Mont., burying four men, two of whom are Patrick Murphy and Cornelius Harrington. The names of the others are not known.

A BOLT FROM ABOVE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.] During divine service in a church in Wyandotte county, near Tiffin, O., on Sunday last, lightning struck the church, knocking the preacher down and causing a stampede among the worshippers.

HIS LOSSES MADE HIM DESPERATE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.] A desperate fight recently took place over a game of cards at Fargo, D. T., in which Charles Hansen, formerly of Omaha, killed two men and fatally wounded another. Hansen was playing a losing game which so angered him as to cause him to fiercely attack his companions with the result already stated.

DIED FOR HIS DOG.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.] Young Jed Vance, of Plattsburgh, N. Y., was recently killed in a horrible manner while attempting to save his dog's life. An engine was about to run over the canine, when the young man jumped in front of it, and in doing so slipped and fell under its ponderous wheels and was crushed.

THE GOVERNOR TUMBLED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.] Mayor Secor, of Racine, Wis., had a narrow escape from breaking his neck at a circus on Friday night. He fell backward down several sections of seats and turned a somersault. A thousand people witnessed the remarkable feat, and when it was found that he was only slightly hurt there was a loud cheer.

A WOMAN OF GRIT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.] Mrs. Walsh, a plucky Scranton lady, has made herself quite famous as a heroine in her native town. A few days ago she entered a grocery store, and found John C. Keegan making a murderous attack on her sister, the owner of the store. With remarkable courage and presence of mind, Mrs. Walsh throttled the would-be assassin and felled him.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.] Prof. Anderson, principal of the Spencer, Ind., High School, and the Misses Lillie and Clara Hornada were drowned in White river, near that place, on the 3d inst. A party of young people started in five boats up the river to go to McCormick's creek, a pleasure resort three miles from Spencer. The boat, in which were the professor and the two young ladies and their little brother, about eleven years old, upset accidentally, with the result stated.

PATSY FALCON'S FIGHT FOR LIFE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.] A man named John Rohner made a murderous assault upon Patsy Fallon in the latter's saloon on Thirteenth street, between Farnham and Douglas, Omaha, Neb., one night last week. Rohner had been drinking during the evening and was considerably under the influence of liquor. He attacked Fallon with a knife and a desperate hand-to-hand fight ensued, in which Fallon received several severe knife thrusts, but happily was not seriously wounded.

CELEBRATED THE CITY'S BIRTHDAY.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.] ITHACA, June 3.—There was quite a carnival of fun in

Ithaca between collegians and townies, growing out of the celebration of the city's birthday. Everybody was in high spirits, and none more so than the students and the town boys.

A great crowd of people became blocked on State street, so that the street cars could not pass. One of the drivers, in his eagerness to get his car through, took it upon himself to saucé several students who were on the track.

This precipitated a collision, the students taking one side and the townies the other. Things came to such a pass that the latter secured several lengths of water hose, which they attached to a fire plug near by, after which the water was turned on the collegians, causing a stampede in the crowd in general.

JOHN W. GERLACH.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

John W. Gerlach is one of the youngest of our theatrical managers, being barely thirty years of age. He has achieved remarkable success in this business of "delightful uncertainties." His Adelphi theatre, at Buffalo, N. Y., is one of the best paying houses in that city. Previous to his coming into possession of the Adelphi, he owned and managed the Casino, in the same city. Mr. Gerlach is also a backer of athletes. He has taken up Hugh Leonard, of Belfast, N. Y., a catch-as-catch-can wrestler, who lately defeated the ex-policeman Denny Gallagher, and will shortly leave on a trip through the country with Leonard in search of matches.

LOUISA ELDRIDGE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Louisa Eldridge, whose well-known features appear in our columns this week, was born in Philadelphia, Pa. Her father was William Harwood, a popular local politician. Louisa Eldridge made her debut in 1848 at the Chestnut street Theatre. The play was "Robert Macaire." The part was Clementine. Her stage name until she married, was Mortimer. Mrs. Eldridge is remembered professionally for her impersonation of Agnes in "The Drunkard," Prudence in "Camilie," the Nurse in "Romeo and Juliet," Madame Deschappelles in "The Lady of Lyons," while her numerous charities and general good fellowship have caused the profession to call her "Aunt Louisa."

I HAVE FIXED HER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A startling domestic tragedy was enacted at Pullman, Ill., a few days ago, when James Dobie shot his pretty young wife. Dobie had not supported the woman for some time. While she was at work in the Hotel Florence he suddenly opened the door of her room saying, "I've come to see you again." She arose from her chair with the remark: "I'm sorry, for you have done nothing to support me, and I wish you would go away and not annoy me." At this he locked the door and drew a revolver, at the same time pushing her into the chair, and commenced firing. Four shots were discharged in rapid succession, every one of them striking her. Workmen in the hall caught Dobie as he came out and detained him till the police patrol wagon arrived. Dobie coolly remarked: "I have fixed her, and I know I'll have to suffer for it, but I'm glad of it."

Messrs. Smith, Ainslie & Co., 25 Newcastle street, Strand, London, the agents for the POLICE GAZETTE in England, have issued Part 3 (Derby edition) of "The Form at a Glance" which should be read by all interested in racing matters. Write to them for a copy.

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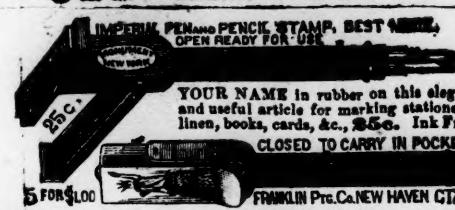
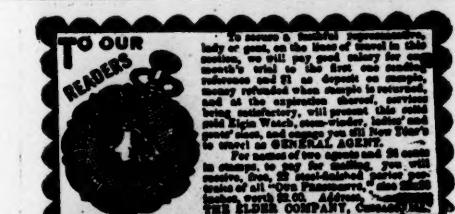
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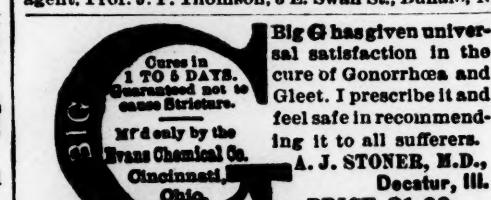
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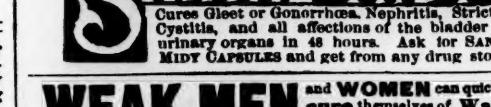
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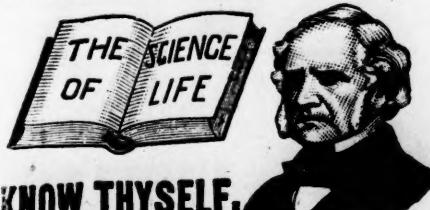
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